HERO AND LEANDER:

Begunne by CHRISTOPHER MARLOE, *and finiſhed by* George Chapman.

Vt Nectar, Ingenium.

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1622.

TO THE RIGHT VVORSHIPFVL, SIR THOMAS WALSINGHAM KNIGHT.

SIR, wee thinke our ſelues diſcharged of the duty we owe to our friend, when wee haue brought the breatheleſſe body to the earth: for albeit the eye there taketh his euer farewell of that beloued obiect, yet the impreſſion of the man, that hath bin deare vnto vs, liuing an after-life in our memorie, there putteth vs in mind of farther obſequies due vnto the deceaſed: And namely, of the performance of whatſoeuer we may iudge ſhall make to his liuing credit, and to the effecting of his determinations preuented by the ſtroke of death. By theſe meditations (as by an intellectuall will) I ſuppoſe my ſelf Executor to the vnhappy deceaſed Author of this Poem, vpon whom, knowing in his that life time you beſtowed many kind fauors, entertaining the parts of reckoning and worth which you found in him, with good counte-

nance and liberall affection, I cannot but ſee ſo far into the will of him dead, that whatſoeuer iſſue of his braine ſhould chance to come abroad, that the firſt breath it ſhould take, might be the gentle ayre of your liking: for ſince his ſelf had beene accuſtomed thereto, it would prooue more agreeable and thriuing to his right children, then any other foſter countenance whatſoeuer. At this time, ſeeing that this vnfiniſhed Tragedie happens vnder my hands to bee imprinted, of a double dutie, the one to your ſelfe, the other to the deceaſed: I preſent the ſame to your moſt fauourable allowance, offering my vtmoſt ſelfe now and euer to be readie at your Worſhips diſpoſing.

E. B.

HERO AND LEANDER.

The Argument of the first SESTYAD.

Heroes *deſcription, and her Loue,*
The Phane of Venus, *where he moues*
His worthy Loue-ſute, and attaines;
Whoſe bliſſe, the wrath of Fates reſtraines:
For Cupids *grace to* Mercury,
Which Tale, the Author *doth imply.*

ON *Helleſpont* guilty of true Loues blood,
In view and oppoſit two Cities ſtood,
Seaborders, diſioyn'd by *Neptunes* might;
The one *Abydos*, th'other *Seſtos* hight.
At *Seſtos Hero* dwelt, *Hero* the faire,
Whom young *Apollo* courted for her haire,
And offered as a dower his burning throne,
Where ſhe ſhould ſit for men to gaze vpon.
The outſide of her garments were of Lawne,
The lining, purple ſilke, with guilt ſtarres drawne,
Her wide ſleeues greene, and bordred with a groue,
Where *Venus* in her naked glory ſtroue,
To pleaſe the careleſſe and diſdainfull eyes
Of proud *Adonis*, that before her lies:
Her kirtle blue, whereon was many a ſtaine,
Made with the blood of wretched louers ſlaine.

Vpon her head ſhe ware a myrtle wreath,
From whence her vaile reacht to the groũd beneath.
Her vaile was artificiall flowers and leaues,
Whoſe workmanſhip both man and beaſt deceiues.
Many would praiſe the ſweet ſmell as ſhe paſt,
When't was the odour which her breath forth caſt.
And there for hony, Bees haue ſought in vaine,
And beat from thence, haue lighted there againe.
About her necke hung chaines of peble ſtone,
Which lightned by her necke, like Diamonds ſhone.
She ware no gloues, for neither Sunne nor wind
Would burne or parch her hands, but to her mind,
Or warme or coole them: for they tooke delite
To play vpon thoſe hands, they were ſo white;
Buskins of ſhels all ſiluered, vſed ſhee,
And brancht with bluſhing Corall to the knee,
Where Sparrowes pearch't, of hollow pearle & gold,
Such as the world would wonder to behold:
Thoſe with ſweet water oft her handmaid fils,
Which as ſhe went, would cherup through the bils.
Some ſay, for her the faireſt *Cupid* pin'd;
And looking in her face, was ſtrucken blind.
But this is true; ſo like was one the other,
As he imagin'd *Hero* was his mother:
And oftentimes into her boſome flew,
About her naked necke his bare armes threw,
And laid his childiſh head vpon her breſt,

And

And with ſtill panting rocke, there tooke his reſt.
So louely faire was *Hero*, *Venus* Nun,
As Nature wept, thinking ſhe was vndone,
Becauſe ſhe tooke more from her then ſhe left,
And of ſuch wondrous beauty her bereft;
Therefore in ſigne her treaſure ſuffred wracke,
Since *Heroes* time, hath halfe the world been blacke.
Amorous *Leander*, beautifull and young,
(Whoſe Tragedie diuine *Muſæus* ſung)
Dwelt at *Abydus*, ſince him dwelt there none,
For whom, ſucceeding times may greater mone.
His dandling treſſes that were neuer ſhorne,
Had they been cut, and vnto *Colchos* borne,
Would haue allur'd the ventrous youth of *Greece*,
To hazzard more then for the golden fleece.
Faire *Cynthia* wiſht his armes might be her ſphere:
Griefe makes her pale, becauſe ſhe moues not there.
His body was as ſtraight as *Circes* wand,
Ioue might haue ſipt out *Nectar* from his hand:
Euen as delicious meat is to the taſte,
So was his necke in touching, and ſurpaſt
The white of *Pelops* ſhoulder: I could tell yee,
How ſmooth his breſt was, and how white his belly,
And whoſe immortall fingers did imprint
That heauenly path, with many a curious dint,
That runs along his backe; but my rude pen
Can hardly blazon forth the loues of men.

Much

Much leſſe of powerfull gods, let it ſuffice,
That my ſlacke Muſe muſt ſing of *Leanders* eyes.
Theſe orient cheekes and lips, exceeding his
That leapt into the water for a kiſſe
Of his owne ſhadow, and deſpiſing many,
Died ere he could enioy the loue of any.
Had wilde *Hippolitus Leander* ſeene,
Enamored of his beauty had he beene,
His preſence made the rudeſt paiſant melt,
That in the vaſt vplandiſh country dwelt,
The barb'rous *Thracian* ſouldier mou'd with nought,
Was mou'd with him, and for his fauour ſought.
Some ſwore hee was a mayd in mans attire,
For in his lookes were all that men deſire,
A pleaſant ſmiling cheeke, a ſpeaking eye,
A brow for Loue to banquet royally,
And ſuch as knew he was a man, would ſay,
Leander, thou art made for amorous play,
Why art thou not in Loue, and lou'd of all?
Though thou be faire, yet be not thine owne thrall.
The men of wealthy *Seſtos* euery yeere,
For his ſake whom their Goddeſſe held ſo deare,
Roſe-cheekt *Adonis* kept a ſolemne feaſt,
Thither reſorted many a wandred gheſt,
To meet their loues, ſuch as had none at all,
Came Louers home from this great feſtiuall.
For euery ſtreet like to a Firmament,

Gli-

Gliſtred with breathing ſtars, who, where they went
Frighted the Melancholy earth, which deem'd,
Eternall heauen to burne, for ſo it ſeem'd,
As if another *Phaeton* had got
The guidance of the ſunnes rich Chariot.
But farre aboue the louelieſt *Hero* ſhin'd,
And ſtole away th'inchanted gazers mind:
For like Sea-nymphs inueigling harmony,
So was her beauty to the ſtanders by.
Nor that night-wandring pale and watry ſtarre,
(When yawning Dragons draw her thirling carre,
From *Latmus* mount vp to the gloomy skie,
Where crown'd with blazing light and Maieſtie
She proudly ſits,) more ouer-rules the flood,
Than ſhe the hearts of thoſe that neere her ſtood.
Euen as, when gawdy Nymphes purſue the chaſe,
Wretched *Ixions* ſhaggy-footed race,
Incenſt with ſauage heate, gallop amaine,
From ſteepe Pine-bearing mountaines to the Plaine:
So ranne the people forth to gaze vpon her,
And all that view'd her, were enamour'd on her.
And as in furie of a dreadfull fight,
Their fellowes being ſlaine, or put to flight,
Poore ſoldiers ſtand with feare of death dead ſtroo-
So at her preſence all ſurprizde and tooken, (ken,
Await the ſentence of her ſcornefull eyes:
He whom ſhe fauours liues, the other dyes.

There might you ſee one ſigh, another rage,
And ſome (their violent paſſions to aſſwage)
Compile ſharpe Satyres, but alas, too late,
For faithfull loue will neuer turne to hate,
And many ſeeing great Princes were denyed,
Pin'd as they went, and thinking on her, dyed.
On this feaſt day, O curſed day and hower,
Went *Hero* thorow *Seſtos*, from her tower
To *Venus* temple, where vnhappily,
As after chanc'd, they did each other ſpy,
So faire a Church as this had *Venus* none,
The wals vvere of diſcoloured Iaſper ſtone,
Wherein vvas *Proteus* caru'd, and ouer head
A liuely vine of greene ſea agget ſpread,
Where by one hand light-headed *Bacchus* hung,
And with the other, wine from grapes out-wrung.
Of Cryſtall ſhining faire, the pauement was,
The towne of *Seſtos*, call'd it *Venus* glaſſe:
There might you ſee the gods in ſundry ſhapes,
Committing headdy ryots, inceſt, rapes,
For know, that vnderneath this radiant flower
Was *Danaes* ſtatue in a brazen tower,
Ioue ſlily ſtealing from his ſiſters bed,
To dally with *Idalian Ganimed*;
And for his loue *Europa* bellowing lowd,
And tumbling with the Rain-bow in a cloud:
Bloud-quaffing *Mars* heauing the yron net,

Which

Which limping *Vulcan* and his *Cyclops* ſet:
Loue kindling fire, to burne ſuch townes as *Troy*,
Siluanus vveeping for the louely boy,
That now is turn'd into a Cypres tree,
Vnder whoſe ſhade the Wood-gods loue to be.
And in the midſt a ſiluer altar ſtood,
There *Hero* ſacrificing Turtles blood,
Tayl'd to the ground, vailing her eye-lids cloſe,
And modeſtly they opened as ſhe roſe.
Thence flew Loues arrow with the golden head:
And thus *Leander* was enamoured.
Stone-ſtill he ſtood, and euermore he gazed,
Till with the fire that from his count'nance blazed,
Relenting *Hero's* gentle heart was ſtrooke:
Such force and vertue hath an amorous looke.

It lies not in our power to loue or hate:
For Will in vs is ouer-rul'd by Fate.
When two are ſtript long ere the courſe begin,
We wiſh that one ſhould loſe, the other winne.
And one eſpecially do we affect,
Of two gold Ingots like in each reſpect;
The reaſon no man knowes: let it ſuffice,
What we behold is cenſur'd by our eyes.
Where both deliberate, the loue is ſlight.
Who euer lou'd, that lou'd not at firſt ſight?

He kneel'd, but vnto her deuoutly prayd:
Chaſte *Hero*, to her ſelfe thus ſoftly ſayd;

Were I the Saint he worſhips, I would heare him:
And as ſhe ſpake thoſe words, came ſomewhat neere
He ſtarted vp, ſhe bluſht as one aſham'd, (him.
Wherewith *Leander* much more was inflam'd.
He toucht her hand; in touching it, ſhe trembled:
Loue deepely grounded, hardly is diſſembled.
Theſe louers parled by the touch of hands.
True loue is mute, and oft amazed ſtands.
Thus while dumb ſigns their yeelding harts entagled
The aire with ſparkes of liuing fire was ſpangled,
And Night deepe drencht in miſtie *Acheron*,
Heav'd vp her head, and halfe the world vpon,
Breath'd darkneſſe forth, (darke night is *Cupids* day.)
And now begins *Leander* to diſplay
Loues holy fire, with words, with ſighes, and teares,
Which like ſweet Muſicke entred *Hero's* eares:
And yet at euery word ſhe turn'd aſide,
And alwaies cut him off as he replide.
At laſt, like to a bold ſharpe Sophiſter,
With cheerefull hope thus he accoſted her:
Faire creature, let me ſpeake without offence,
I would my rude words had the influence,
To lead thy thoughts as thy faire lookes do mine,
Then ſhouldſt thou be his priſoner, who is thine.
Be not vnkind and faire: mis-ſhapen ſtuffe
Are of behauiours boyſterous and ruffe.
O ſhun me not, but heare me ere you goe,

God

God knowes I cannot force loue as you do.
My words ſhall be as ſpotleſſe as my youth,
Full of ſimplicitie and naked truth.
This ſacrifice (whoſe ſweet perfume deſcending,
From *Venus* altar to your footſteps bending)
Doth teſtifie that you exceed her farre,
To whom you offer, and whoſe Nunne you are.
Why ſhould you worſhip her? her you ſurpaſſe
As much, as ſparkling Diamonds, flaring glaſſe.
A Diamond ſet in Lead, his worth retaines:
A heau'nly Nymph belou'd of humane ſwaines,
Receiues no blemiſh, but oft-times more grace;
Which makes me hope, although I am but baſe;
Baſe in reſpect of thee, diuine and pure,
Dutifull ſeruice may thy loue procure:
And I in dutie will excell all other,
As thou in beautie doſt exceed Loues mother.
Nor heau'n, nor thou were made to gaze vpon.
As heau'n preſerues all things, ſo ſaue thou one.
A ſtately builded ſhip, well rigg'd and tall,
The Ocean maketh more maieſticall:
Why vowſt thou then to liue in *Seſtos* here,
Who on Loues ſeas more glorious wouldſt appeare?
Like vntun'd golden ſtrings, all women are,
Which long time lie vntouch't, will harſhly iarre.
Veſſels of braſſe oft handled, brightly ſhine.
What difference betwixt the richeſt Mine,

And baſeſt mold, but vſe? for both, not vs'd,
Are of like worth. Then treaſure is abus'd,
When Miſers keepe it; being put to lone,
In time it will returne vs two for one.
Rich robes, themſelues and others do adorne,
Neither themſelues nor others if not worne.
Who builds a Palace, and rams vp the gate,
Shall ſee it ruinous and deſolate.
Ah ſimple *Hero*, learne thy ſelfe to cheriſh.
Lone women like to empty houſes periſh;
Leſſe ſins the poore-rich man that ſtarues himſelfe,
In heaping vp a maſſe of droſſie pelfe,
Than ſuch as you; his golden earth remaines,
Which after his deceaſe ſome other gaines.
But this faire Iemme, ſweet in the loſſe alone,
When you fleet hence, can be bequeath'd to none:
Or if it could, downe from th'enameld skie,
All Heauen would come to claime this legacie;
And with inteſtine broyles the world deſtroy,
And quite confound Natures ſweet harmony.
Well therefore by the gods decreed it is,
We humane creatures ſhould enioy that blis;
One is no number: maids are nothing then,
Without the ſweet ſociety of men.
Wilt thou liue ſingle ſtill? one ſhalt thou be,
Though neuer-ſingling *Hymen* couple thee.
Wild Sauages, that drinke of running Springs,

Thinke

Thinke water farre excels all earthly things,
But they that daily taſte neat Wine, deſpiſe it,
Virginitie, albeit ſome highly prize it,
Compar'd with marriage, had you try'd them both,
Differs as much, as Wine and Water doth.
Baſe boullion for the ſtampes ſake we allow,
Euen ſo for mens impreſſion doe we you,
By which alone, our reuerend Fathers ſay,
Women receiue perfection euery way.
This Idol vvhich you tearme Virginitie,
Is neither Eſſence ſubiect to the eye,
No, nor to any one exterior ſence,
Nor hath it any place of reſidence.
Nor is 't of earth or molde celeſtiall,
Or capable of any forme at all.
Of that which hath no being doe not boaſt:
Things that are not at all are neuer loſt.
Men fooliſhly doe call it vertuous:
What vertue is it, that is borne with vs?
Much leſſe can honour be aſcrib'd thereto,
Honour is purchaſ'd by the deeds we doe.
Beleeue me *Hero*, honour is not wonne,
Vntill ſome honourable deed bee done.
Seeke you for chaſtitie, immortall fame,
And know that ſome haue wrong'd *Dianas* name.
Whoſe name is it, if ſhe be falſe or not,
So ſhe be faire, but ſome vile tongues will blot?

But

But you are faire (aye me) ſo wondrous faire,
So young, ſo gentle, and ſo debonaire,
As *Greece* will thinke, if thus you liue alone,
Some one or other keepes you as his owne.
Then *Hero*, hate me not, nor from me flie,
To follow ſwiftly blaſting infamie:
Perhaps thy ſacred Prieſthood makes thee loath:
Tell me to whom mad'ſt thou that heedleſſe oath?
To *Venus* anſwered ſhe: and as ſhe ſpake,
Foorth from thoſe two tralucent ceſternes brake
A ſtreame of liquid Pearle, which downe her face
Made milk-white paths, wheron the gods might trace
To *Ioues* high Court. He thus replide: The rites
In which Loues beauteous Empreſſe moſt delites,
Are banquets, Doricke muſicke; midnight reuell,
Playes, Maskes, and all that ſterne age counteth euill.
Thee as a holy Idiot doth ſhe ſcorne,
For thou in vowing chaſtitie, haſt ſworne,
To rob her name and honour, and thereby
Committ'ſt a ſinne farre worſe then periury:
Euen ſacriledge againſt her Deity,
Through regular and formall purity.
To expiate which ſinne, kiſſe, and ſhake hands,
Such ſacrifice as this *Venus* demands.
Thereat ſhe ſmil'd, and did deny him ſo,
As put thereby, yet might he hope for moe,
Which makes him quickly re-enforce his ſpeech,

And her in humble manner thus beſeech.
Though neither gods nor men may thee deſerue,
Yet for her ſake whom you haue vow'd to ſerue,
Abandon fruitleſſe cold Virginitie,
The gentle Queene of Loues ſole enemy,
Then ſhall you moſt reſemble *Venus* Nun,
When *Venus* ſweet rites are perform'd and dun.
Flint-breſted *Pallas* ioyes in ſingle life,
But *Pallas* and your Miſtris are at ſtrife.
Loue *Hero* then,and be not tyrannous,
But heale the heart that thou haſt wounded thus,
Nor ſtaine thy youthfull yeeres with auarice.
Faire fooles delight to be accounted nice.
The richeſt corne dyes, if it be not reapt,
Beauty alone is loſt, too warily kept.
Theſe arguments he vſ'd, and many more,
Wherewith ſhe yeelded, that was wonne before,
Heroes lookes yeelded, but her words made warre,
Women are won,when they begin to iarre.
Thus hauing ſwallow'd *Cupids* golden hooke,
The more ſhe ſtriu'd, the deeper was ſhe ſtrooke.
Yet euilly faining anger, ſtroue ſhe ſtill,
And would be thought to grant againſt her will:
So hauing pauſ'd a while, at laſt ſhe ſaid,
Who taught thee Rethorike to deceiue a Maid?
Aye me, ſuch words as theſe ſhould I abhor,
And yet I like them for the Orator.

With that *Leander* ſtoopt to haue imbrac'd her,
But from his ſpreading armes away ſhe caſt her,
And thus beſpake him: Gentle youth, forbeare
To touch the ſacred garments which *I* weare.
Vpon a rocke, and vnderneath a hill,
Farre from the towne (where all is whiſt and ſtill,
Saue that the Sea playing on yellow ſand,
Sends forth a rattling murmure to the land,
Whoſe ſound allures the golden *Morpheus*,
In ſilence of the night to viſit vs.)
My turret ſtands, and there God knowes I play
With *Venus* Swannes, and Sparrowes all the day,
A dwarfiſh beldam beares me company,
That hops about the chamber where I lye;
And ſpends the night (that might be better ſpent)
In vaine diſcourſe and apiſh merriment,
Come thither: As ſhe ſpake this, her tongue tript,
For vnawares (*Come thither*) from her ſlipt,
And ſodainly her former colour chang'd,
And here and there her eyes through anger rang'd,
And like a Planet mouing ſeuerall wayes,
At one ſelfe inſtant, ſhe poore ſoule aſſayes,
Louing, not to loue at all, and euery part
Stroue to reſiſt the motions of her heart,
And hands ſo pure, ſo innocent, nay ſuch
As might haue made heauen ſtoope to haue a touch,
Did ſhe vphold to *Venus*, and againe,

Vow'd

Vow'd ſpotleſſe chaſtitie, but all in vaine,
Cupid beats downe her prayers with his wings,
Her vowes aboue the empty ayre he flings,
All deepe enrag'd, his ſinowie bow he bent,
And ſhot a ſhaft, that burning from him went,
Wherewith ſhe ſtrooken lookt ſo dolefully,
As made Loue ſigh, to ſee his tyrannie.
And as ſhe wept, her teares to pearle he turn'd,
And wound them on his arme, and for her mourn'd,
Then towards the Palace of the Deſtinies,
Laden with languiſhment, and griefe he flies,
And to thoſe ſterne Nymphs, humbly made requeſt,
Both might enioy each other, and be bleſt,
But with a gaſtly, dreadfull countenance,
Threatning a thouſand deaths at euery glance,
They anſwered Loue, nor would vouchſafe ſo much
As one poore word, their hate to him was ſuch:
Hearken a while, and I will tell you why,
Heauens winged Herald, *Ioue-borne Mercury*,
The ſelfe-ſame day that he aſleepe had laid
Inchanted *Argus* ſpyed a country Maid,
Whoſe careleſſe haire, in ſtead of pearle t'adorne it,
Gliſtred with dew, as one that ſeem'd to ſcorne it,
Her breath as fragrant as the morning roſe,
Her mind pure, and her tongue vntaught to gloſe.
Yet proud ſhe was, (for lofty pride that dwels
In towred Courts, is oft in Shepheards cels.

And too too well the faire Vermilion knew,
And ſiluer tincture of her cheekes, that drew
The loue of euery Swaine: On her this god
Enamoured was, and with his Snaky rod,
Did charme her nimble feet, and made her ſtay,
The while vpon the hillocke downe he lay,
And ſweetly on his pipe began to play,
And with ſmooth ſpeech her fancie to aſſay,
Till in his twining armes he lockt her faſt;
And then he woo'd with kiſſes, and at laſt,
As Shepheards doe, her on the ground he laid,
And tumbling in the graſſe, he often ſtraid
Beyond the bounds of ſhame, in being bold
To eye thoſe parts which no eye ſhould behold,
And like an inſolent commanding louer,
Boaſting his parentage, would needs diſcouer
The way to new *Eliſium*: but ſhe,
Whoſe onely dower was her chaſtitie,
Hauing ſtriu'n in vaine, was now about to cry,
And craue the helpe of Shepheards that were nie.
Herewith he ſtayd his furie and began
To giue her leaue to riſe: away ſhe ran,
After vvent *Mercury*, who vſ'd ſuch cunning,
As ſhe to heare his tale, left off her running.
Maids are not wonne by brutiſh force and might,
But ſpeeches full of pleaſure and delight,
And knowing *Hermes* courted her, was glad

That

That ſhe ſuch louelineſſe and beauty had,
As could prouoke his liking, yet vvas mute,
And neither vvould deny, nor grant his ſute.
Still vow'd he loue, ſhe vvanting no excuſe,
To feed him with delayes as vvomen vſe,
Or thirſting after immortalitie,
All women are ambitious naturally,
Impoſ'd vpon her Louer ſuch a taſke,
As he ought not performe, nor yet ſhe aske,
A draught of flowing *Nectar* ſhe requeſted,
Wherewith the king of gods and men is feaſted.
He ready to accompliſh vvhat ſhe vvild,
Stole ſome from *Hebe* (*Hebe Ioues* cup fild,)
And gaue it to his ſimple ruſtike Loue,
Which being knowne (as vvhat is hid from *Ioue*?)
He inly ſtorm'd, and waxt more furious,
Than for the fire filcht by *Prometheus*, (here,
And thruſts him downe from heauen, hee wandring
In mournfull tearmes, with ſad and heauy cheere,
Complain'd to *Cupid*, *Cupid* for his ſake,
To be reueng'd on *Ioue*, did vnde..ake,
And thoſe on whom heauen, earth, and hell relies,
I meane the adamantine Deſtinies,
He wounds with loue, and forſt them equally,
To dote vpon deceitfull *Mercury*.
They offered him the deadly fatall knife,
That ſheares the ſlender threds of humane life.

At this faire feathered feet, the engins laid,
Which th'earth from ougly *Chaos* den vp-waid,
These he regarded not, but did entreat
Ahat *Ioue*, Vsurper of his fathers seat,
Might presently be banisht into hell,
And aged *Saturne* in *Olympus* dwell.
They granted what he crau'd, and once againe,
Saturne and *Ops* began their golden raigne.
Murder, rape, warre, lust and treacherie,
Were vvith *Ioue* clos'd in Stygian Emperie.
But long this blessed time continued not,
As soone as he his wished purpose got,
He rechlesse of his promise, did despise
The loue of th'euerlasting destinies.
They seeing it; both Loue and him abhor'd,
And *Iupiter* vnto his place restor'd.
And but that learning in despight of Fate,
Will mount aloft, and enter heauen gate,
And to the seat of *Ioue* it selfe aduance,
Hermes had slept in hell with ignorance.
Yet as a punishment they added this,
That he and pouertie should alwaies kisse:
And to this day is euery Scholler poore,
Grosse gold from them runs headlong to the Boore;
Likewise, the angry sisters thus deluded,
To venge themselues on *Hermes* haue concluded,
That *Midas* brood shall sit in honors chaire,

To

To Which the Muſes ſonnes are onely heire,
And fruitfull wits that in aſpiring are,
Shall diſcontent runne into regions farre,
And few great Lords in vertuous deeds ſhall ioy,
But be ſurpriz'd with euery gariſh toy,
And ſtill inrich the lofty ſeruile Clowne,
Who with incroching guile, keepes learning downe.
Then muſe not *Cupids* ſuit no better ſped,
Seeing in their loues the Fates were iniured.

The end of the firſt Seſtyad.

The Argument of the ſecond SESTYAD.

Hero *of loue takes deeper ſence,*
And doth her loue more recompence,
Their firſt nights meeting, where ſweet kiſſes
Are th'only crowns of both their bliſſes.
He ſwims t' Abydus, *and returnes,*
Cold Neptune *with his beauty burnes,*
Whoſe ſuit he ſhuns, and doth aſpire
Heroes *faire tower, and his deſire.*

BY this ſad *Hero* with loue vnacquainted,
Viewing *Leanders* face, fell downe and fainted:
He kiſt her, and breath'd life into her lips,

Where

Wherewith as one diſpleaſ'd, away ſhe trips,
Yet as ſhe vvent, full often lookt behind,
And many poore excuſes did ſhe find
To linger by the way, and once ſhe ſtayd,
And would haue turn'd againe, but was afrayd,
In offering parly, to be counted light.
So on ſhe goes, and in her idle flight,
Her painted fanne of curled plumes let fall,
Thinking to traine *Leander* therewithall.
He being a Nouice knew not vvhat ſhe meant;
But ſtayd, and after her a Letter ſent:
Which ioyfull *Hero* anſwered in ſuch ſort,
As he had hope to ſcale the beauteous fort,
Wherein the liberall Graces lockt their wealth;
And therefore to her tower he got by ſtealth.
Wide open ſtood the dore, he need not clime;
And ſhe her ſelfe before the pointed time,
Had ſpred the boord, with roſes ſtrowed the roome,
And oft lookt out, and muſ'd hee did not come;
At laſt he came: O who can tell the greeting,
Theſe greedy louers had at their firſt meeting?
He askt, ſhe gaue, and nothing was denyed,
Both to each other quickly were affyed.
Looke how their hands, ſo were their hearts vnited;
And what he did, ſhe willingly requited.
(Sweet are the kiſſes, the imbracements ſweet,
When like deſires and affections meet.

For

For from the earth to heauen, is *Cupid* raiſ'd,
Where fancy is in equall ballance paiſ'd)
Yet ſhe this raſhnes ſodainly repented,
And turn'd aſide,and to her ſelfe lamented;
As if her name and honour had been wrong'd,
By being poſſeſt of him for whom ſhe long'd:
I,and ſhe wiſht, albeit not from her heart,
That he would leaue her turret and depart.
The mirthfull god of amorous pleaſure ſmil'd,
To ſee how he this captiue Nymph beguil'd;
For hitherto he did but fan the fire,
And kept it downe,that it might mount the higher.
Now waxt ſhe iealous, leſt his loue abated,
Fearing her owne thoughts made her to be hated;
Therefore vnto him haſtily ſhe goes,
And like light *Salmaſis* her body throes
Vpon his boſome, where with yeelding eyes,
She offers vp her ſelfe a ſacrifice,
To ſlake his anger, if he were diſpleaſ'd;
O what god would not therewith be appeaſ'd?
Like *Aeſops* Cocke, this iewell he enioyed,
And as a brother with his ſiſter toyed,
Suppoſing nothing elſe was to be done,
Now he her fauour and good will had wonne;
But know you not that creatures wanting ſence,
By nature haue a mutuall appetence,
And wanting organs to aduance a ſtep,

Mou'd by Loues force, vnto each other leap,
Much more in ſubiects hauing intellect,
Some hidden influence breeds like effect,
Albeit *Leander* rude in loue, and raw,
Long dallying with *Hero* nothing ſaw,
That might delight him more, yet he ſuſpected,
Some amorous rites or other were neglected:
Therefore vnto his body, hers he clung,
She, fearing on the Ruſhes to be flung, (ued,
Striu'd vvith redoubled ſtrength, the more ſhe ſtri-
The more a gentle pleaſing heat reuiued,
Which taught him all that elder louers know;
And now the ſame 'gan ſo to ſcorch and glow,
As in plaine termes (yet cunningly) he crau'd it,
Loue alwayes makes thoſe eloquent that haue it:
She, with a kinde of granting, put him by it,
And euer as he thought himſelfe moſt nigh it,
Like to the tree of *Tantalus* ſhe fled,
And ſeeming lauiſh, ſau'd her Maiden-head:
Ne're King more ſought to keepe his Diademe,
Than *Hero* this ineſtimable gemme.
Aboue our life we loue a ſtedfaſt friend,
Yet when a token of great worth vve ſend,
We often kiſſe it, often looke thereon,
And ſtay the meſſenger that would be gone:
No maruell then, though *Hero* vvould not yeeld
So ſoone to part from that ſhe dearely held.

Iewels been loſt are found againe, this neuer,
Tis loſt but once, and once loſt, loſt for euer.
Now had the morne eſpy'd her louers ſteeds,
Whereat ſhe ſtarts, puts on her purple vveeds,
And red for anger that he ſtayd ſo long,
All headlong throwes her ſelfe the clouds among.
And now *Leander* fearing to be miſt,
Imbrac't her ſodainly, tooke leaue, and kiſt.
Long vvas he taking leaue, and loth to goe,
And kiſt againe as Louers vſe to doe:
Sad *Hero* vvrung him by the hand and vvept,
Saying; Let your vowes and promiſes be kept.
Then ſtanding at the doore, ſhe turn'd about,
As loth to ſee *Leander* going out.
And now the ſunne that through th'orizon peepes,
As pittying theſe Louers, downward creepes.
So that in ſilence of the clowdy night,
Though it was morning, did he take his flight:
But what the ſecret truſty night conceal'd,
Leanders amorous habit ſoone reueal'd,
With *Cupids* myrtle was his bonnet crownd,
About his armes the purple riband vvound,
Wherewith ſhe wreath'd her largely ſpreading haire;
Nor could the youth abſtaine, but he muſt weare
The ſacred ring vvherewith ſhe vvas endow'd,
When firſt religious chaſtitie ſhe vow'd,
Which made his loue through *Seſtos* to bee knowne,

And thence vnto *Abydus* ſooner blowne,
Than he could ſayle, for incorporeall Fame,
Whoſe weight conſiſts in nothing but her name,
Is ſwifter than the wind, whoſe tardy plumes
Are reeking water, and dull earthly fumes.
Home when he came, he ſeem'd not to be there,
But like exiled ayre thruſt from his ſphere,
Set in a forren place, and ſtraight from thence,
Alcides like by mighty violence,
He would haue chac'd away the ſwelling Maine
That him from her vniuſtly did detaine:
Like as the Sunne in a Diameter,
Fires and inflames obiects remooued farre,
And heateth kindly ſhining lat'rally,
So beauty ſweetly quickens when it's nie;
But being ſeparated and remoued,
Burnes where it cheriſht, murders where it loued:
Therefore, euen as an *Index* to a booke,
So to his mind was young *Leanders* looke;
O none haue power but gods their loue to hide,
Affection by the count'nance is deſcride.
The light of hidden fire it ſelfe diſcouers,
And loue that is conceal'd, betrayes poore louers.
His ſecret flame apparantly was ſeene,
Leanders father knew where he had beene,
And for the ſame mildly rebuk'd his ſonne,
Thinking to quench the ſparkles new begunne.

But

But loue reſiſted once, growes paſſionate,
And nothing more then counſell louers hate:
For, as a hot proud horſe highly diſdaines
To haue his head control'd, but breakes the raines,
Spits forth the ringled bit, and with his houes
Checkes the ſubmiſſiue ground: ſo he that loues,
The more he is reſtrain'd, the worſe he fares;
What is it now, but mad *Leander* dares?
O *Hero*, *Hero*, thus he cry'd full oft,
And then he got him to a rocke aloft,
Where hauing ſpide her tower, long ſtar'd he on't,
And pray'd the narrow toiling *Helleſpont*
To part in twaine, that he might come and go.
But ſtill the riſing billowes anſwered no;
With that he ſtript him to the yu'ry skin,
And crying, Loue, I come, leapt liuely in:
Whereat the Saphyr-viſag'd god grew proud,
And made his capring *Triton* ſound aloud,
Imagining, that *Ganimed* diſpleaſ'd,
Had left the heauens, therefore on him he ſeaz'd:
Leander ſtriu'd, the waues about him wound,
And puld him to the bottome, where the ground
Was ſtrewd with pearle, and in low corrall groues,
Sweet ſinging Mermayds ſported with their loues,
On heapes of heauy gold, and tooke great pleaſure,
To ſpurne in careleſſe ſort the ſhipwracke treaſure:
For here the ſtately azure palace ſtood,

Where Kingly *Neptune* and his traine abode,
The lusty god imbrac't him, call'd him loue,
And swore he neuer should returne to *Ioue*:
But when he knew it was not *Ganimed*,
For vnder water he was almost dead,
He heau'd him vp, and looking on his face,
Beat downe the bold waues with his triple Mace,
Which mounted vp, intending to haue kist him,
And fell in drops like teares, because they mist him.
Leander being vp, began to swim,
And looking backe, saw *Neptune* follow him.
Whereat agast, the poore soule 'gan to cry;
O let me visit *Hero* ere I dye:
The god put *Helles* bracelet on his arme,
And swore the Sea should neuer doe him harme.
He clapt his plumpt cheekes, with his tresses playd,
And smiling wantonly, his loue bewrayd;
He vvatcht his armes, and as they open'd wide,
At euery stroke betwixt them vvould he slide,
And steale a kisse, and then runne out and dance,
And as he turn'd cast many a lustfull glance,
And threw him gawdy toyes to please his eye,
And diue into the water and there prye
Vpon his brest, his thighes, and euery lim,
And vp againe, and close beside him swim:
And talke of Loue: *Leander* made reply,
You are deceiu'd, I am no vvoman I.

There-

Thereat ſmil'd *Neptune*, and then told a tale,
How that a Shepheard ſitting in a vale,
Playd with a boy, ſo faire and kind,
As for his loue, both earth and heauen pin'd,
That of the cooling riuer durſt not drinke,
Leſt water-Nymphs ſhould pul him from the brink;
And when he ſported in the fragrant lawnes,
Gote-footed Satyres, and vpſtarting Fawnes
Would ſteale him thence, ere halfe his tale was done.
Aye me, *Leander* cry'd, th'enamoured ſunne,
That now ſhould ſhine on *Thetis* glaſſy bower,
Deſcends vpon my radiant *Heroes* tower.
O that theſe tardy armes of mine were wings!
And as he ſpake, vpon the waues he ſprings;
Neptune was angry that he gaue no eare,
And in his heart reuenging malice beare:
He flung at him his Mace, but as it went,
He call'd it in, for loue made him repent.
The Mace returning backe, his owne hand hit,
As meaning to be veng'd for darting it.
When this freſh-bleeding wound *Leander* view'd,
His colour went and came as if he rewd
The griefe which *Neptune* felt. In gentle breſts,
Relenting thoughts, remorſe and pitty reſts.
And who haue hard hearts, and obdurate minds,
But vicious, hare-brain'd, and illitt'rat Hinds?
The god ſeeing him vvith pitty to be moued,

There-

Thereon concluded that he was beloued.
(Loue is too full of faith, too credulous,)
With folly and falſe hope deluding vs.
Wherefore *Leanders* fancie to ſurprize,
To the rich *Ocean* for gifts he flies.
Tis wiſdome to giue much, a gift preuailes,
When deepe perſwading oratorie failes.
By this, *Leander* being neere the land,
Caſt downe his weary feet, and felt the ſand,
Breathleſſe albeit he were, he reſted not
Till to the ſolitarie tower he got:
And knockt, and call'd, at which celeſtiall noyſe,
The longing heart of *Hero* much more ioyes, (rings,
Then Nymphes and Shepheards, when the tymbrell
Or crooked Dolphin, when the Sayler ſings:
She ſtayd not for her robes, but ſtraight aroſe,
And drunke with gladneſſe, to the dore ſhe goes,
Where ſeeing a naked man, ſhe ſcriecht for feare;
Such ſights as this to tender maids are rare,
And ranne into the darke her ſelfe to hide,
Rich Iewels in the darke are ſooneſt ſpide.
Vnto her was he led or rather drawne, (lawne;
By thoſe white lims which ſparkled through the
The neerer that he came, the more ſhe fled,
And ſeeking refuge, ſlipt into her bed,
Whereon *Leander* ſitting, thus began,
Through numming cold, all feeble, faint and wan,

If

If not for loue, yet loue for pitty ſake,
Me in thy bed and maiden boſome take,
At leaſt, vouchſafe theſe armes ſome little roome,
Who hoping to imbrace thee, cheerely ſwome.
This head was beat vvith many a churliſh billow,
And therefore let it reſt vpon thy pillow.
Herewith affrighted *Hero* ſhrunke away,
And in her lukewarme place *Leander* lay,
Whoſe liuely heat like fire from heauen fet,
Would animate groſſe clay, and higher ſet
The drooping thoughts of baſe declining ſoules,
Then drery *Mars* carowſing *Nectar* boules.
His hands he caſt vpon her like a ſnare:
She ouercome with ſhame and ſallow feare,
Like chaſte *Diana* when *Acteon* ſpide her,
Being ſodainly betray'd, diu'd down to hide her,
And as her ſiluer body downward vvent,
With both her hands ſhe made the bed a tent,
And in her owne mind thought her ſelfe ſecure,
Orecaſt vvith dim and darkſome couerture;
And now ſhe lets him whiſper in her eare,
Flatter, intreat, promiſe, proteſt and ſweare:
Yet euer after as he greedily aſſayd
To touch thoſe dainties, ſhe the *Harpey* playd,
And euery lim did as a Souldier ſtout,
Defend the fort, and keep the foe-men out.
For though the riſing yu'rie mount he ſcal'd,

Which is with azure circling liues empal'd,
Much like a globe, (a globe may I tearme this,
By which loue ſayles to regions full of blis?)
Yet there with *Syſiphus* he toyld in vaine,
Till gentle parly did the truce obtaine.
She trembling ſtroue, this ſtrife of hers (like that
Which made the world) another world begat,
Of vnknowne ioy. Treaſon was in her thought,
And cunningly to yeeld her ſelfe ſhe ſought.
Seeming not woon, yet woon ſhe vvas at length:
In ſuch warres, women vſe but halfe their ſtrength.
Leander now like *Theban Hercules*,
Entred the Orchard of *Th'eſperides*.
Whoſe fruit none rightly can deſcribe but he,
That puls or ſhakes it from the golden tree;
Wherein *Leander* on her quiuering breſt,
Breathleſſe, ſpoke ſomething, and ſigh'd out the reſt,
Which ſo preuail'd, as he with ſmall adoe
Incloſ'd her in his armes, and kiſt her too,
And euery kiſſe to her was as a charme,
And to *Leander* as a freſh alarme.
So that the truce was broke, and ſhe alas,
(Poore ſilly maiden) at his mercy was.
Loue is not full of pitty (as men ſay)
But deafe and cruell where he meanes to pray.
Euen as a bird, which in our hands we wring,
Forth plungeth, and oft flutters with her wing.

And now ſhe wiſht this night were neuer done,
And ſigh'd to thinke vpon th' approching ſunne,
For much it grieu'd her that the bright day-light,
Should know the pleaſure of this bleſſed night,
And then like *Mars* and *Ericine* diſplayd,
Both in each others armes chain'd as they layd.
Againe, ſhe knew not how to frame her looke,
Or ſpeake to him, who in a moment tooke
That which ſo long ſo charily ſhe kept.
And faine by ſtealth away ſhe vvould haue crept,
And to ſome corner ſecretly haue gone,
Leauing *Leander* in the bed alone:
But as her naked feet vvere whipping out,
He on the ſuddaine cling'd her ſo about,
That Meremayd-like vnto the floore ſhe ſlid,
One halfe appear'd, the other halfe was hid.
Thus neere the bed ſhe (bluſhing) ſtood vpright,
And from her countenance behold ye might
A kind of twi-light break, which through the haire,
As from an orient cloud, glimſe here and there.
And round about the chamber this falſe morne,
Brought forth the day before the day was borne.
So *Hero's* ruddy cheeke, *Hero* betrayd,
And her all naked to his ſight diſplayd.
Whence his admiring eyes more pleaſure tooke,
Than *Dis*, on heapes of gold fixing his looke.
By this *Apollos* golden harpe began,

To ſound forth muſicke to the Ocean,
Which watchfull *Heſperus* no ſooner heard,
But he the day bright-bearing Car prepar'd.
And ran before as Harbenger of light,
And with his flaring beames mockt ougly night,
Till ſhe o'recome with anguiſh, ſhame and rage,
Dang'd downe to hell her loathſome carriage.

The end of the ſecond Seſtyad.

The Argument of the third SESTYAD.

Leander to the enuious light
Reſignes his night ſports with the night,
And ſwims the Hellespont *againe,*
Theſme the deity ſouereigne
Of cuſtomes and religious rites,
Appeares, improuing his delites,
Since Nuptiall honors he neglected,
Which ſtraight he vowes ſhall be effected.
Faire Hero *left deuirginate*
Waies, and with fury wailes her ſtate:
But with her loue, and womans wit,
She argues, and approueth it.

NEw light giues new directions, Fortunes new
To faſhion our endeuours that enſue.

More harſh (at leaſt more hard) more graue and hie,
Our ſubiect runs, and our ſterne Muſe muſt flie,
Loues edge is taken off, and that light flame,
Thoſe thoughts, ioyes, longings, that before became
High vnexperienſt bloud, and made ſharpe plights,
Muſt now grow ſtayd, and cenſure the delights,
That being enioyd, aske iudgement, now we praiſe,
As hauing parted: Euenings crowne the dayes.
And now ye vvanton loues, and young deſires,
Pied vanity, the mint of ſtrange attires:
Ye liſping Flatteries, and obſequious glances,
Relentfull Muſicks, and attractiue dances,
And you deteſted Charmes conſtraining loue,
Shun loues ſtolne ſports, by that theſe Louers proue.
By this the Soueraigne of Heauens golden fires,
And young *Leander*, Lord of his deſires,
Together from their Louers armes aroſe,
Leander into *Helleſpontus* throwes
His *Hero*-handled body, whoſe delight
Made him diſdaine each other Epithite.
And as amidſt the enamoured waues he ſwims,
The god of gold of purpoſe guilt his lims,
That this word guilt including double ſence,
The double guilt of his *Incontinence*,
Might be expreſt, that had no ſtay t' imploy
The treaſure which the Loue-god let him ioy
In his deare *Hero*, with ſuch ſacred thrift,

As had beſeem'd ſo ſanctified a gift,
But like a greedy vulgar Prodigall,
Would on the ſtocke diſpend, and rudely fall
Before his time, to that vnbleſſed bleſſing,
Which for luſts plague doth periſh with poſſeſſing.
Ioy grauen in ſenſe, like ſnow in water waſts,
Without preſerue of vertue nothing laſts.
What man is he that with a wealthy eye
Enioyes a beauty richer then the sky?
Through whoſe white skin, ſofter then the ſoundeſt
With damask eyes the ruby bloud doth peep, (ſleepe,
And runs in branches through her azure vaines,
Whoſe mixture and firſt fire his loue attaines,
Whoſe both hands limit, both loues deities,
And ſweeten humane thoughts like Paradiſe,
Whoſe diſpoſition ſilken is and kind,
Directed with an earth exempted mind,
Who thinkes not heauen with ſuch a loue is giuen?
And vvho like earth would ſpend that power of (heauen,
With ranke deſire to ioy it all at firſt?
What ſimply kils our hunger, quencheth thirſt,
Cloathes but our nakedneſſe, and makes vs liue:
Praiſe doth not any of her fauours giue.
But what doth plentifully miniſter
Beauteous apparell, and delicious cheere,
So ordered, that it ſtill excites deſire,
And ſtill giues pleaſure freeneſſe to aſpire

The palme of *Bounty*, euer moiſt preſeruing,
To loues ſweet life, this is the courtly caruing.
Thus *Time*, and all-ſtates-ordering *Ceremonie*
Had baniſht all offence; *Times* golden Thie
Vpholds the flowrie body of the earth
In ſacred harmony, and euery birth
Of men, and actions makes legitimate
Being vſ'd aright, *the vſe of time is fate*.
Yet did the gentle flood transferre once more,
This prize of Loue home to his fathers ſhore,
Where he vnlades himſelfe of that falſe wealth
That makes few rich, treaſures compoſ'd by ſtealth,
And to his ſiſter kind *Hermione*,
(Who on the ſhore kneeled, praying to the Sea
For his returne) he all Loues good did ſhew
In *Hero* ſeaz'd for him, in him for *Hero*.
His moſt kind ſiſter all his ſecrets knew,
And to her ſinging like a ſhower he flew,
Sprinkling the earth that to their tombes tooke in
Streames dead for loue, to leaue his yuory skin,
Which yet a ſnowy fome did leaue aboue
As ſoule to the dead water that did loue,
And from thence did the firſt white Roſes ſpring,
(For loue is ſweet and faire in euery thing)
And all the ſweetned ſhore as he did goe,
Was crown'd with odorous Roſes white as ſnow.
Loue-bleſt *Leander* was with loue ſo filled,

That

That loue to all that toucht him he inſtilled.
And as the colours of all things we ſee,
To our ſights powers communicated be;
So to all obiects that in compaſſe came,
Of any ſenſe he had, his ſenſes flame
Flow'd from his parts, vvith force ſo virtuall,
It fir'd with ſenſe things meere inſenſuall.
Now (with warme baths and odours comforted)
When he lay downe, he kindly kiſt his bed,
As conſecrating it to *Heroes* right,
And vow'd thereafter, that what euer ſight
Put him in mind of *Hero* or her bliſſe,
Should be her altar to preferre a kiſſe.
Then laid he forth his late inriched armes,
In vvhoſe white circle Loue writ all his charmes,
And made his characters ſweet *Heroes* lims,
When on his breſts warme ſea ſhe ſideling ſwims,
And as thoſe armes (held vp in circle) met,
He ſaid, See, Siſter, *Heroes* Carquenet,
Which ſhe had rather weare about her necke,
Then all the iewels that doe *Iuno* decke.
But as ſhe ſhooke vvith paſſionate deſire,
To put in flame his other ſecret fire,
A muſicke ſo diuine did pierce his eare,
As neuer yet his rauiſht ſenſe did heare,
When ſuddenly a light of twenty hiews
Brake through the roof, and like the Rainbow views.

Amazed

Amaz'd *Leander*, in whoſe beames came downe
The goddeſſe *Ceremony* vvith a Crowne
Of all the ſtarres, and heauen with her deſcended,
Her flaming haire to her bright feet extended,
By which hung all the bench of Deities,
And in a chaine compact of eares and eyes,
She led Religion, all her body vvas
Cleere and tranſparent as the pureſt glaſſe;
For ſhe was all preſented to the ſence,
Deuotion, Order, State and Reuerence,
Her ſhadowes vvere, Society, Memory,
All which her ſight made liue, her abſence dye.
A rich diſparent Pentacle ſhe vveares,
Drawne full of circles, and ſtrange characters;
Her face was changeable to euery eye,
One way lookt ill, another graciouſly, (holy,
Which while men view'd, they cheerefull were and
But looking off, vicious and melancholy:
The ſnaky paths to each obſerued law,
Did *Policy* in her broad boſome draw,
One hand a Mathematicke Cryſtall ſwayes,
Which gathering in one line a thouſand rayes
From her bright eyes, *Confuſion* burnes to death,
And all eſtates of men diſtinguiſheth.
By it *Morality* and *Comelineſſe*,
Themſelues in all their ſightly figures dreſſe,
Her other hand a Lawrell rod applyes,

To beat backe *Barbariſme* and *Auarice*,
That followed eating earth and excrement,
And humane lims, and would make proud aſcent
To ſeates of gods, were *Ceremony* ſlaine,
The *Houres* and *Graces* bore her glorious traine,
And all the ſweets of our ſociety,
Were ſpher'd and treaſur'd in her bounteous eye.
Thus ſhe appear'd, and ſharpely did reproue
Leanders bluntneſſe in his violent loue,
Told him how poore was ſubſtance without rites,
Like Bils vnſign'd, deſires without delites;
Like meats vnſeaſon'd, like ranke corne that growes
On cottages, that none or reapes or ſowes,
Not being with ciuill formes confirm'd & bounded,
For humane dignities and comforts founded:
But looſe and ſecret all their glories hide:
Feare fils the chamber, darkneſſe decks the Bride.
She vaniſht, leauing pearſt *Leanders* heart
With ſence of his vnceremonious part;
In which, with plaine neglect of Nuptiall rites,
He cloſe and flatly fell to his delites:
And inſtantly he vow'd to celebrate
All rites pertaining to his married ſtate:
So vp he gets, and to his father goes,
To whoſe glad eares he doth his vowes diſcloſe:
The Nuptials are reſolu'd with vtmoſt pow'r,
And he at night would ſwim to *Heroes* tow'r.

From whence he meant to *Seſtos* forked Bay
To bring her couertly, where Ships muſt ſtay,
Sent by her father throughly rigg'd and mand,
To waft her ſafely to *Abydus* ſtrand.
There leaue we him, and with freſh wing purſue
Aſtoniſht *Hero*, whoſe moſt wiſhed view
I thus long haue forborne, becauſe I left her,
So out of countnance, and her ſpirits bereft her.
To looke on one abaſht is impudence,
When of ſlight faults he hath too deepe a ſence.
Her bluſhing het her chamber, ſhe lookt out,
And all the aire ſhe purpled round about,
And after it a foule blacke day befell,
Which euer ſince a red morne doth foretell,
And ſtill renues our woes for *Heroes* woe,
And foule it prou'd, becauſe it figur'd ſo:
The next nights horrour, which prepare to heare,
I faile, if it prophane your daintieſt eare.
Then how moſt ſtrangely, intellectuall fire,
That proper to my ſoule haſt power t' inſpire
Her burning faculties, and with the wings
Of thy vnſpheared flame viſitſt the ſprings
Of ſpirits immortall. Now (as ſwift as time
Doth follow Motion) find th' eternall clime
Of his free ſoule, vvhoſe liuing ſubiect ſtood
Vp to the chin in the Pyrean flood,
And drunke to me halfe this Muſean ſtory,

Inſcribing it to deathleſſe memory,
Confer vvith it,and make my pledge as deepe,
That neithers draught be conſecrate to ſleepe.
Tell it how much his late deſires I tender,
(If yet it know not) and to delight ſurrender
My ſoules darke off-ſpring,willing it ſhould die
To loues, to paſſions, and ſociety.
Sweet *Hero* left vpon her bed alone,
Her maiden-head,her vowes, *Leander* gone,
And nothing with her but a violent crue
Of new-come thoughts,that yet ſhe neuer knew;
Euen to her ſelfe a ſtranger was, much like
Th' *Iberian* City that wars hand did ſtrike
By Engliſh force,in princely *Eſſex* guide,
When peace aſſur'd her towers had fortifide,
And golden fingred *India* had beſtow'd
Such wealth on her, that ſtrength and Empire flowd
Into her turrets, and her Virgin waſte,
The wealthy girdle of the ſea imbraſte,
Till our *Leander* that made *Mars* his *Cupid*,
For ſoft loue ſutes, with yron thunders chid:
Swum to her townes, diſſolu'd her virgins zone,
Led in his power,and made Confuſion
Run through her ſtreets amaz'd,that ſhe ſuppoſ'd
She had not been in her owne vvals incloſ'd,
But rapt by vvonder to ſome forraine ſtate,
Seeing all her iſſue ſo diſconſolate,

And

And all her peacefull manſions poſſeſt
With wars iuſt ſpoile, and many a forraine gheſt,
From euery corner driuing an enioyer,
Supplying it vvith power of a Deſtroyer.
So far'd faire *Hero* in th'expugned fort
Of her chaſte boſome, and of euery ſort
Strange thoughts poſſeſt her, ranſakcing her breſt,
For that that was not there, her wonted reſt.
She vvas a mother ſtraight, and bore with paine,
Thoughts that ſpake ſtraight, and wiſht their mother
She hates their liues, & they their own & hers: (ſlaine:
Such ſtrife ſtill growes where ſin the race preferres.

Loue is a golden bubble, full of dreames,
That waking breakes, and fils vs with extreames.

She muſ'd how ſhe could looke vpon her ſire,
And not ſhew that without, that vvas intire.
For as a glaſſe is an inanimate eye,
And outward formes imbraceth inwardly,
So is the eye an animate glaſſe that ſhowes,
In formes vvithout vs. And as *Phœbus* throwes
His beames abroad, though he in clouds be cloſ'd,
Still glancing by them, till he finde oppoſ'd,
A looſe and rotid vapour, that is fit
T' euent his ſearching beames, and vſeth it
To forme a tender twenty-coloured eye,
Caſt in a circle round about the skie.
So when our fiery ſoule, our bodies ſtarre,

(That euer is in motion circular)
Conceiues a forme, in ſeeking to diſplay it,
Through all our cloudy parts, it doth conuay it
Forth at the eye, as the moſt pregnant place,
And that reflects it round about the face.
And this euent vncourtly *Hero* thought,
Her inward guilt would in her looks haue wrought;
For yet the worlds ſtale cunning ſhe reſiſted, (ſted,
To beare foule thoughts, yet forge what looks ſhe li-
And held it for a very ſilly ſleight,
To make a perfect metall counterfeit,
Glad to diſclaime her ſelfe, proud of an Art,
That makes the face a Pandar to the heart,
Thoſe be his painted Moones, whoſe lights profane
Beauties true heauen, at full ſtill in their wane.
Thoſe be the Lapwing faces that ſtill cry,
Here'tis, when that they vow, is nothing nye.
Baſe fooles, when euery mooriſh foole can teach
That which men thinke the height of humane reach.
But cuſtome that the Apoplexie is,
Of bedred nature, and liues led amis,
And takes away all feeling of offence,
Yet braz'd not *Heroes* brow with impudence:
And this ſhe thought moſt hard to bring to pas.
To ſeeme in countenance other then ſhe was;
As if ſhe had two ſoules, one for the face,
One for the heart, and that they ſhifted place,

As either liſt to vtter or conceale
What they conceiu'd, or as one ſoule did deale
With both affaires at once, keepes and eiects
Both at an inſtant contrary effects,
Retention and eiection in her powrs
Being acts alike, for this one vice of ours.
That forms the thought, & ſwayes the countenance,
Rules both our motion and our vtterance.
  Theſe and more graue conceits toild *Hero's* ſpirits:
For though the light of her diſcourſiue wits,
Perhaps might finde ſome little hole to paſſe
Through all theſe worldly cinctures, yet (alas)
There was a heauenly flame incompaſt her,
Her goddeſſe, in whoſe Phane ſhe did preferre
Her virgin vowes, from whoſe impulſiue ſight,
She knew, the blacke ſhield of the darkeſt night
Could not defend her, nor wits ſubtill'ſt art:
This was the point pierſt *Hero* to the heart,
Who heauy to the death, with a deepe ſigh
And hand that languiſht, took a robe was nigh
Exceeding large, and of blacke Cypres made,
In which ſhe ſate, had from the day in ſhade,
Euen ouer head and face downe to her feet,
Her left hand made it at her boſome meet:
Her right hand lean'd on her heart-bowing knee,
Wrapt in vnſhapefull folds, vvas death to ſee
Her knee ſtayd that, and that her falling face

Each

Each him helpt other to put on diſgrace.
No forme vvas ſeene, vvhere forme held all her ſight,
But like an Embrion that ſaw neuer light,
Or like a ſcorched Statue made a cole
With three-wing'd lightning, or a vvretched ſoule
Muffled with endleſſe darkneſſe, ſhe did ſit,
The night had neuer ſuch a heauy ſpirit.
Yet might an imitating eye well ſee,
How faſt her cleare teares melted on her knee,
Through her black vaile, and turnd as blacke as it,
Mourning to be her teares, then wrought her wit,
With her broke vow, her goddeſſe wrath, her fame,
All tooles that enginous deſpaire could frame,
Which made her ſtrow the floore with her torn haire,
And ſpred her mantle piece-meale in the aire,
Like *Ioues* ſons club, ſtrong paſſion ſtrook her down,
And vvith a pittious ſhrieke inforſt her ſwoune,
Her ſhrieke, made with another ſhrieke aſcend
The frighted Matron that on her did tend;
And as with her owne cry, her ſenſe was ſlaine,
So with the other it was call'd againe.
She roſe, and to her bed made forced way,
And laid her down, euen where *Leander* lay:
And all this while the red ſea of her blood
Ebb'd with *Leander*, but now turn'd the flood,
And all her fleet of ſpirits came ſwelling in
With child of ſayle, and did hot fight begin,

With thoſe ſeuere conceits, ſhe too much markt,
And here *Leanders* beauties were imbarkt.
He came in ſwimming, painted all with ioyes,
Such as might ſweeten hell, his thought deſtroyes
All her deſtroying thoughts ſhe thought ſhe felt,
His heart in hers, with her contentions melt,
And chid her ſoule that it could ſo much erre,
To checke the true ioyes he deſeru'd in her,
Her freſh heat bloud caſt figures in her eyes,
And ſhe ſuppoſ'd ſhe ſaw in *Neptunes* skies,
How her ſtarre wandred, waſht in ſmarting brine,
For her loues ſake, that with immortall wine,
Should be embath'd and ſwim in more hearts eaſe,
Than there was water in the Seſtian ſeas.
Then ſaid her *Cupid*-prompted ſpirit, Shall I
Sing mones to ſuch delightſome harmony?
Shall ſlick-tong'd fame patcht vp with voices rude,
The drunken baſtard of the multitude,
(Begot when father iudgement is away,
And goſſip-like, ſayes becauſe others ſay,
Take newes, as if it were too hot to eate,
And ſpits it ſlauering forth for dogge-fees meat,)
Make me for forging a phantaſtike vow,
Preſume to beare what makes graue Matrons bow?
Good vowes are neuer broken with good deeds,
For then good deeds vvere bad, vowes are but ſeeds,
And good deeds fruits, euẽ thoſe good deeds that grow

From other ſtocks, then from th' obſerued vowes
That is a good deed that preuents a bad.
Had I not yeelded, ſlaine my ſelfe I had.
Hero Leander is, *Leander Hero*,
Such vertue loue hath to make one of two.
If then *Leander* did my maiden-head git,
Leanders being my ſelfe, I ſtill retaine it.
We break chaſte vowes when we liue looſely euer,
But bound as we are, vve liue looſely neuer.
Two conſtant Louers being ioyn'd in one,
Yeelding to one another, yeeld to none.
We know not how to vow, till loue vnblind vs,
And vowes made ignorantly neuer bind vs.
Too true it is, that when 'tis gone, men hate
The ioyes as vaine they tooke in loues eſtate,
But that's, ſince they haue loſt, the heauenly light
Should ſhew them way to iudge of all things right.
When life is gone, death muſt implant his terror,
As death is foe to life, ſo loue to error:
Before we loue, how range we through this ſphere,
Searching the ſundry fancies hunted here,
Now with deſire of vvealth tranſported quite
Beyond our free humanities delight.
Now vvith ambition climing falling towres,
Whoſe hope to ſcale, our feare to fall deuoures,
Now rapt with paſtimes, pompe, all ioyes impure,
In things without vs, no delight is ſure.

But

But loue with all ioyes crown'd, within doth ſit.
O goddeſſe pitty, loue and pardon it.
This ſpake he vveeping, but her goddeſſe eare
Burnd with too ſterne a heat, and vvould not heare.
Aye mee, hath heauens ſtraight fingers no more
For ſuch a *Hero*, then for homelieſt faces? (graces
Yet ſhe hop'd well, and in her ſweet conceit
Waying her arguments, ſhe thought them weight,
And that the Logicke of *Leanders* beauty,
And them together vvould bring proofes of duty;
And if her ſoule that was a skilfull glance
Of heauens great eſſence, found ſuch imperance
In her loues beauties, ſhe had confidence,
Ioue lou'd him too, and pardon'd her offence.
Beauty in heauen and earth this grace doth win,
It ſupples rigour, and it leßens ſinne.
Thus her ſharpe vvit, her loue, her ſecreſie,
Trouping together, made her wonder vvhy
She ſhould not leaue her bed, and to the temple?
Her health, ſaid ſhe, muſt liue, her ſex diſſemble;
She view'd *Leanders* place, and wiſht he vvere,
Turn'd to his place, ſo his place vvere *Leander*.
Aye me (ſaid ſhe) that loues ſweet loue and ſenſe
Should doe it harme, my loue hath not gone hence,
Had he beene like his place. O bleſſed place,
Image of Conſtancy. Thus my loues grace
Parts no where, but it leaues ſomething behind,

Worth obſeruation : he renownes his kind,
His motion is like heauens Orbiculer,
For where he once is, he is euer there.
This place was mine, *Leander*, now 'tis thine,
Thou being my ſelfe, then it is double mine,
Mine, and *Leanders* mine, *Leanders* mine.
O ſee what wealth it yeelds me, nay yeelds him,
For I am in it, he for me doth ſwim.
Rich fruitfull loue, that doubling ſelfe eſtates,
Elixer-like contracts, though ſeparates.
Deare place, I kiſſe thee, and doe welcome thee,
As from *Leander* euer ſent to me.

The end of the third Seſtyad.

The Argument of the fourth SESTYAD.

Hero *in ſacred habite deckt,*
Doth priuate ſacrifice effect.
Her Skarfes deſcription wrought by fate,
Oſtents, *that threaten her eſtate.*
The ſtrange yet Phyſicall euents,
Leanders *counterfeit preſents.*
In thunder, Ciprides *deſcends,*
Preſaging both the louers ends:
Eſte *the Goddeſſe of remorſe,*

With

With vocall and articulate force
Inſpires Leucote, Venus *ſwan*,
T' excuſe the beauteous Seſtian.
Venus, *to wreake her rites abuſes*,
Creates the monſter Eronoſus;
Inflaming Heroes *ſacrifice*,
With lightning darted from her eyes,
And thereof ſprings the painted beaſt,
That euer ſince taints euery breſt.

NOw from *Leanders* place ſhe roſe and found
Her haire & rent robe ſcattred on the ground,
Which taking vp, ſhe euery piece did lay
Vpon an Altar, where, in youth of day
She vſde t' exhibite priuate ſacrifice:
Thoſe would ſhe offer to the Deities
Of her faire Goddeſſe, and her powerfull ſonne,
As relikes of her late felt paſſion,
And in that holy ſort ſhe vow'd to end them,
In hope her violent fancies that did rend them,
Would as quite fade in her loues holy fire,
As they ſhould in the flames ſhe meant t' inſpire.
Then put ſhe on all her religious weeds,
That deckt her in her ſecret ſacred deeds,
A crowne of Iſickles, that ſunne nor fire
Could euer melt, and figur'd chaſte deſire.
A golden ſtarre ſhin'd in her naked breſt,
In honour of the Queen-light of the Eaſt.
In her right hand ſhe held a ſiluer wand,

On whoſe bright top *Periſtera* did ſtand,
Who vvas a Nymph, but now transform'd a Doue,
And in her life vvas deare in *Venus* loue:
And for her ſake ſhe euer ſince that time (blue clime;
Chuſ'd Doues to draw her coach through heauens
Her plenteous haire in curled billowes ſwims
On her bright ſhoulder, her harmonious lims,
Suſtain'd no more but a moſt ſubtill vaile
That hung on them, as it durſt not aſſaile
Their different concord: for the weakeſt aire
Could raiſe it ſwelling from her beauteous faire,
Nor did it couer, but adumbrate onely
Her moſt heart-piercing parts, that a bleſt eye,
Might ſee (as it did ſhadow) fearefully,
All that all loue-deſeruing Paradiſe,
It vvas as blue as the moſt freezing skies,
Neere the ſeas hiew, from thence her goddeſſe came,
On it a Skarfe ſhe vvore of wondrous frame,
In midſt vvhereof ſhe wrought a Virgins face,
From vvhoſe each cheeke a fiery bluſh did chaſe,
Two crimſon flames, that did two wayes extend,
Spreading the ample Skarfe to either end,
Which figur'd the diuiſion of her mind,
Whiles yet ſhe reſted baſhfully inclin'd,
And ſtood not reſolute to vved *Leander*.
This ſeru'd her white necke for a purple ſphere,
And caſt it ſelfe at full breadth downe her backe.

There (ſince the firſt breath that begun the wracke
Of her free quiet from *Leanders* lips)
She vvrought a Sea in one flame full of Ships,
But that one Ship where all her wealth did paſſe,
(Like ſimple Merchants goods) *Leander* vvas;
For in that Sea ſhe naked figured him,
Her diuing needle taught him how to ſwim,
And to each threed did ſuch reſemblance giue,
For ioy to be ſo like him it did liue:

Things ſenſeleſſe liue by Art, and rationall dye,
By rude contempt of art and induſtry.

Scarce could ſhe work, but in her ſtrength of thoght,
She fear'd ſhe prickt *Leander* as ſhe wrought,
And oft would ſhriek ſo, that her Guardian frighted,
Would ſtaring haſte, as with ſome miſchiefe cited.

Thy double life that dead things griefe ſuſtaine,
They kill that feele not their friends liuing paine.

Sometimes ſhe feard he ſought her infamy,
And then as ſhe was working of his eye,
She thought to pricke it out to quench her ill,
But as ſhe prickt, it grew more perfect ſtill.

Trifling attempts no ſerious acts aduance,
The fire of loue is blowne by dalliance.

In working his faire necke ſhe did ſo grace it,
She ſtill was working her owne armes t'imbrace it;
That, and his ſhoulders and his hands were ſeene,
Aboue the ſtreame, and with a pure Sea-greene

She did ſo queintly ſhadow euery lim,.
All might be ſeene beneath the waues to ſwim.
In this conceited ſcarfe ſhe wrought beſide
A Moone in change, and ſhooting ſtars did glide,
In number after her with bloudy beames,
Which figur'd her affects in their extreames.
Purſuing nature in her Cynthian body,
And did her thoughts running on change imply:
For mayds take more delights vvhen they prepare
And think of wiues ſtates, then when wiues they are.
Beneath all theſe, ſhe wrought a Fiſherman,
Drawing his nets from forth that Ocean,
Who drew ſo hard, yet might diſcouer well,
The toughned ſinewes in his necke did ſwell,
His inward ſtraines draue out his bloud-ſhot eyes;
And ſprings of ſweat did in his forehead riſe;
Yet was of nought, but of a Serpent ſped,
That in his boſome flew, and ſtung him dead,
And this by fate into her mind was ſent,
Not wrought by meere inſtinct of her intent.
At the Skarfes other end her hand did frame,
Neere the forke point of the diuided flame,
A Country Virgin keeping of a Vine,
Who did of hollow bulruſhes combine
Snares for the ſtubble-louing Graſhopper.
And by her lay her skrip that nouriſht her.
Within a mirtle ſhade ſhe ſate and ſung,

And tufts of wauering reeds about her ſprung,
Where lurkt two Foxes, that while ſhe applide
Her trifling ſnares their theeueries did diuide
One to the Vine, another to her skrip,
That ſhe did negligently ouerſlip,
By which her fruitfull vine, and wholſome fare,
She ſuffered ſpoild, to make a childiſh ſnare:
Theſe ominous fancies did her ſoule expreſſe,
And euery finger made a Propheteſſe,
To ſhew what death was hid in loues diſguiſe,
And make her iudgement conquer Deſtinies.
O what ſweet formes faire Ladies ſoules doe ſhroud,
Were they made ſeen & forced through their blood
If through their beauties like rich work throgh lawn,
They would ſet forth their minds with vertues
In letting graces from their fingers fly, (drawn,
Tó ſtill their yas thoughts with induſtry;
That their plyed wits in numbred ſilkes muſt ſing
Paſsions huge conqueſt, and their needleſſe leading
Affection priſoner through their own built Cities,
Pinnion'd vvith Stories and Arachnean Ditties.
Proceed we now vvith *Heroes* ſacrifice,
She odours burnt, and from their ſmoke did riſe
Vnſauoury fumes, that ayre with plagues inſpired,
And then the conſecrated ſtickes ſhe fired,
On whoſe pale flame an angry ſpirit flew,
And beat it down ſtill as it vpward grew.

The virgin tapers that on th' altar ſtood,
When ſhe inflam'd them, then they burn'd as blood,
All ſad oſtents of that too neere ſucceſſe,
That made ſuch mouing beauties motionleſſe:
Then *Hero* wept, but her affrighted eyes,
She quickly wreſted from the ſacrifice,
Shut them, and inwards for *Leander* lookt,
Searcht her ſoft boſome, and from thence ſhe pluckt
His louely picture, vvhich when ſhe had view'd,
Her beauties vvere with all loues ioyes renew'd.
The Odors ſweetned, and the fires burn'd cleere,
Leanders forme left no ill obiect there:
Such was his beauty, that the force of light,
Whoſe knowledge teacheth vvonders infinite,
The ſtrength of number and proportion,
Nature had plac'd in it to make it known.
Art was her daughter, and vvhat humane wits,
For ſtudy loſt, intomb'd in droſſie ſpirits,
After this accident (which for her glory
Hero could not but make a hiſtory)
Th' inhabitants of *Seſtus* and *Abidus*,
Did euery yeere vvith feaſts propitious
To faire *Leanders* picture ſacrifice,
And they vvere perſons of eſpeciall price,
That were allow'd it, as an ornament
T' inrich their houſes, for the continent
Of the ſtrange vertues all approu'd it held,

For euen the very looke of it repeld
All blaſtings, witch-crafts, and the ſtrifes of nature,
In thoſe diſeaſes that no hearbs could cure.
The woolfie ſting of auarice it would pull,
And make the rankeſt Miſer bountifull;
It kild the feare of thunder, and of death,
The diſcords that conceit ingendreth
Twixt Man and Wife, it for the time vvould ceaſe,
The flames of loue it quencht, and would increaſe,
Held in a Princes hand, it would put out
The dreadful'ſt Comet, it would eaſe all doubt
Of threatned miſchiefes, it would bring aſleepe
Such as were mad, it would enforce to weepe
Moſt barbarous eyes, and many more effects
This picture wrought, and ſprung *Leandrean* ſects,
Of which was *Hero* firſt; For he whoſe forme
(Held in her hand) cleer'd ſuch a fatall ſtorme,
From hell ſhe thought his perſon would defend her,
Which night and *Helleſpont* would quickly ſend her:
With this confirm'd, ſhe vow'd to baniſh quite
All thought of any checke to her delite,
And in contempt of ſilly baſhfulneſſe
She would the faith of her deſires profeſſe,
Where her religion ſhould be policy,
To follow loue with zeale, her pietie,
Her Chamber her Cathedrall Church ſhould be,
And her *Leander* her chiefe deitie.

For in her loue theſe did the gods forgoe,
And though her knowledge did not teach her ſo,
Yet did it teach her this, that what her heart
Did greateſt hold in her ſelfe greateſt part,
That ſhe did make her god, and 'twas leſſe nought,
To leaue gods in profeſſion, and in thought,
Than in her loue and life, for therein lies
Moſt of her duties, and their dignities,
And raile the braine-bald world at what it will,
That's the grand Atheiſme that raignes in 't ſtill.
Yet ſingularity ſhe would vſe no more,
For ſhe was ſingular too much before;
But ſhe would pleaſe the world with faire pretext,
Loue would not leaue her conſcience perplext,
Great men that will haue leſſe doe for them ſtill,
Muſt beare them out, though th' acts be ne're ſo ill.
Meanneſſe muſt Pander be to Excellence,
Pleaſure attones Falſhood and Conſcience,
Diſſembling was the vvorſt (thought *Hero* then)
And that was beſt, now ſhe muſt liue with men:
O vertuous loue that taught her to doe beſt,
When ſhe did worſt, and when ſhe thought it leaſt.
Thus would ſhe ſtill proceed in workes diuine,
And in her ſacred ſtate of prieſt-hood ſhine,
Handling the holy rites, with hands as bold,
As if therein ſhe did *Ioues* thunder hold,
And need not feare thoſe menaces of errour,

Which

Which ſhe at others threw with greateſt terrour.
O louely *Hero*, nothing is thy ſinne,
Waid with thoſe foule faults other Prieſts are in,
That hauing neither faiths, nor works, nor beauties,
T' engender any ſenſe for ſlubberd duties,
With as much countnance fill their holy chaires,
And ſweat denouncements 'gainſt profane affaires,
As if their liues were cut out by their places,
And they the onely fathers of the graces.
Now as with ſettled minde ſhe did repaire
Her thoughts to ſacrifice, her rauiſht haire
And her torne robe which on the Altar lay,
And onely for Religions fire did ſtay,
She heard a thunder by the Cyclops beaten,
In ſuch a valley as the world did threaten,
Giuen *Venus* as ſhe parted th' ayry ſpheare,
Diſcending now to chide with *Hero* here,
When ſuddenly the goddeſſe waggoners,
The Swans and Turtles that in coupled pheres,
Through all worlds boſomes draw her influence,
Lighted in *Hero's* vvindow, and from thence
To her faire ſhoulders flew the gentle doues,
Gracefull *Ædone* that ſweet pleaſure loues,
And ruf-foote *Chreſte* vvith the tufted crowne,
Both which did kiſſe her, thogh their goddeſſe frown
The Swans did in the ſolid floud her glaſſe
Proine their plumes, of which the faireſt was,

Ioue-lou'd *Leucote*, that pure brightneſſe is,
The other bounty-louing *Dapſilis*.
All were in heauen, now they with *Hero* vvere,
But *Venus* lookes brought wrath, and vrged feare.
Her robe was skarlet, blacke her heads attire,
And through her naked breſt ſhin'd ſtreames of fire,
As when the rarefied aire is driuen
In flaſhing ſtreames, and opes the darkned heauen.
In her white hand a wreathe of Yew ſhe bore,
And breaking th'icie wreathe ſweet *Hero* vvore,
She forſt about her browes her vvreathe of Yew,
And ſaid, Now minion, to thy fate be true,
Though not to me, indure what this portends,
Beginne where lightneſſe will, in ſhame it ends.
Loue makes thee cunning, thou art currant now,
By being counterfait, thy broken vow,
Deceit with her pyde garters muſt reioyne,
And with her ſtampe thou count'nances muſt coine,
Coyne, and pure deceits for purities,
And ſtill a Maid wilt ſeeme in coozened eyes,
And haue an anticke face to laugh vvithin,
While thy ſmooth looks makes men digeſt thy ſin.
But ſince thy lips (leſt thought forſworne) forſwore,
Be neuer Virgins now vvith truſting more.
When Beauties deareſt did her goddeſſe heare,
Breath ſuch rebukes 'gainſt that ſhe could not cleere,
Dumbe ſorrow ſpake alowd in teares and blood,

That

That from her griefe burſt veines in pittious flood,
From the ſweet conduits of her fauour fell,
The gentle Turtles did vvith mones make ſwell
Their ſhining gorges, the white blacke-ey'd Swans
Did ſing as wofull Epicedians. (Queene,
As they would ſtraightwayes dye, when pitties
The goddeſſe *Ecte*, that had euer beene
Hid in a watry cloud neere *Heroes* cries,
Since the firſt inſtant of her broken eyes,
Gaue bright *Leucote* voice, and made her ſpeake,
To eaſe her anguiſh, whoſe ſwoln breſt did breake
With anger at her goddeſſe, that did touch
Hero ſo neere, for that ſhe vſ'd ſo much,
And thruſting her vvhite necke at *Venus*, ſaid,
Why may not amorous *Hero* ſeeme a Maid,
Though ſhe be none, as vvell as you ſuppreſſe,
In modeſt cheekes, your inward wantonneſſe?
How often haue we drawne you from aboue,
T' exchange with mortals, rites for rites in loue?
Why in your Prieſt then call you that offence,
That ſhines in you, and in your influence?
With this the furies ſtopt *Leucotes* lips,
Enioyn'd by *Venus*, who with roſie whips
Beat the kind Bird: Fierce lightning from her eyes
Did ſet on fire faire *Heroes* ſacrifice,
Which was her torne robe, and inforced haire,
And the bright flame became a Maid moſt faire

For

For her aſpect, her treſſes were of wire,
Knit like a net, where hearts all ſet on fire,
Struggled in pants, and could not get releaſt,
Her armes were all with golden pinſers dreſt,
And twenty faſhion'd knots, pullies and brakes,
And all her body girdled with painted Snakes.
Her downe parts in a Scorpions taile combin'd,
Freckled with twenty colours, pyed wings ſhin'd
Out of her ſhoulders. Cloth had neuer dye,
Nor ſweeter colours neuer viewed eye,
In ſcorching *Turky*, *Cares*, *Tartary*,
Then ſhin'd about this ſpirit notorious,
Nor was *Arachnes* web ſo glorious,
Of lightning and of ſhreds ſhe was begot,
More hold in baſe diſſemblers is there not.
Her name was *Eronuſis*, *Venus* flew
From *Heroes* ſight, and at her Chariot drew
This wondrous creature to ſo ſteepe a height,
That all the world ſhe might command with ſleight
Of her gay wings, and then ſhe bad her haſte,
Since *Hero* had diſſembled, and diſgraſte
Her rites ſo much, and euery breſt infect
With her deceits, ſhe made her Architect
Of all diſſimulation, and ſince then
Neuer was any truſt, in maids nor men.
O it ſpighted
Faire *Venus* heart to ſee her moſt delighted,

And

And one ſhe chuſ'd for temper of her mind,
To be the onely ruler of her kind,
So ſoone to let her Virgin race be ended,
Not ſimply for the fault a whit offended,
But that in ſtrife for chaſteneſſe vvith the Moone,
Spitefull *Diana* bade her ſhew but one
That vvas her ſeruant vowed, and liu'd a Maid,
And now ſhe thought to anſwere that vpbraid:
Hero had loſt her anſwere: vvho knowes not
Venus vvould ſeeme as farre from any ſpot
Of light demeanour, as the very skin
Twixt *Cynthia's* browes? ſin is aſham'd of ſin.
Vp *Venus* flew, and ſcarce durſt vp for feare
Of *Phœbes* laughter, vvhen ſhe paſt her ſphere,
And ſo moſt vgly clouded vvas the light,
That day vvas hid in day, night came ere night,
And *Venus* could not through the thicke aire pierce,
Till the dayes king, god of vndanted Verſe,
Becauſe ſhe vvas ſo plentifull a theame,
To ſuch as vvore his Lawrell *Anademe*;
Like to a fiery bullet made deſcent,
And from her paſſage thoſe fat vapours rent,
That being not throughly rarefi'd to raine,
Melted like pitch as blue as any vaine,
And ſcalding tempeſts made the earth to ſhrinke
Vnder their feruor, and the world did thinke,
In euery drop a torturing ſpirit flew,

It pierſt ſo deepely, and it burn'd ſo blue.
Betwixt all this and *Hero*, *Hero* held
Leanders picture as a Perſian ſhield,
And ſhe was free from feare of worſt ſucceſſe:
The more ill threats vs, we ſuſpect the leſſe.
As we grow hapleſs, violence ſubtle grows, (knows,
Dumbe, deafe and blinde, and comes when no man

The end of the fourth Seſtyad.

The Argument of the fifth

SESTYAD.

Day doubles her accuſtom'd date
As loth the night, incenſt by fate,
Should wracke our Louers, Heroes *plight*
Longs for Leander *and the night,*
Which, ere her thirſty wiſh recouers:
She ſends for two betrothed Louers,
And marries them, that (with their crue
Their ſports and ceremonies due)
She couertly might celebrate,
With ſecret ioy her owne eſtate.
She makes a feaſt, at which appeares
The wild Nymph Teras, *that ſtill beares*
An Iuory Lute, tels ominous tales,
And ſings at ſolemne feſtiuals.

NOw was the bright *Hero* weary of the day,
Thought an Olympiad in *Leanders* ſtay.

Sol,

Sol, and the ſoft-foot Houres hung on his armes,
And would not let him ſwim, foreſeeing his harmes:
That day *Aurora* double grace obtain'd
Of her loue *Phœbus*, ſhe his horſes rain'd,
Set on his golden knee, and as ſhe liſt,
She pul'd him backe, and as ſhe puld, ſhe kiſt,
To haue him turne to bed, he lou'd her more,
To ſee the loue *Leander Hero* bore.
Examples profit much, ten times in one,
In perſons full of note good deeds are done.
Day was ſo long, men walking fell aſleepe,
The heauy humors that their eyes did ſteepe, (beds
Made them feare miſchiefes. The hard ſtreets were
For couetous Churles, and for ambitious heads,
That ſpight of Nature would their buſineſſe ply.
All thought they had the falling *Epilepſie*,
Men groueld ſo vpon the ſmother'd ground,
And pitie did the heart of heauen confound:
The gods, the Graces, and the Muſes came
Downe to the Deſtinies, to ſtay the frame
Of the true louers deaths, and all worlds teares,
But death before had ſtopt their cruell eares.
All the Celeſtials parted mourning then,
Pierſt with our humane miſeries, more then men:
Ah, nothing doth the world with miſchiefe fill,
But want of feeling one anothers ill.
With their deſcent the day grew ſomething faire,

And caſt a brighter robe vpon the ayre.
Hero to ſhorten time with merriment,
For young *Alcmane*, and bright *Mya* ſent;
Two Louers that had long crau'd marriage dues
At *Heroes* hands; but ſhe did ſtill refuſe:
For louely *Mya* was her conſort vow'd
In her maid ſtate, and therefore not allow'd
To amorous Nuptials: yet faire *Hero* now
Intended to diſpence with her cold vow,
Since hers was broken, and to marry her:
Therites would pleaſing matter miniſter
To her conceits, and ſhorten tedious day.
They came; ſweet muſicke vſherd th' odorous way,
And vvanton Ayre in twenty ſweet formes danc't,
After her fingers; beauty and loue aduanc't
Their Enſignes in the downeleſſe roſie faces
Of youths and maids, led after by the Graces.
For all theſe, *Hero* made a friendly feaſt,
Welcom'd them kindly, did much loue proteſt,
Winning their hearts vvith all the meanes ſhe might,
That when her fault ſhould chance t' abide the light,
Their loues might couer or extenuate it,
And high in her worſt fate make pitie ſit.
She married them, and in the banquet came,
Borne by the Virgins; *Hero* ſtriu'd to frame
Her thoughts to mirth. Aye me, but hard it is
To imitate a falſe and forced blis:

Ill may a ſad mind forge a merry face,
Nor hath conſtrained laughter any grace.
Then laid ſhe wine on cares to make them ſinke;
Who feares the threats of fortune, let him drinke.
To theſe quicke Nuptials entred ſuddenly,
Admired *Teras*, with the Ebon Thye,
A Nymph that haunted the greene *Seſtian* groues,
And vvould conſort ſoft Virgins in their loues.
At gayſome triumphs, and on ſolemne dayes,
Singing prophetike Elegies and Layes:
And fingring of a ſiluer Lute ſhe tyde
With blacke and purple skarfes by her left ſide.
Apollo gaue it and her skill withall,
And ſhe was term'd his dwarfe, ſhe vvas ſo ſmall,
Yet great in vertue, for his beames incloſ'd
His vertues in her, neuer vvas propoſ'd
Riddle to her, or augury ſtrange or new,
But ſhe reſolu'd it, neuer ſlight tale flew
From her charm'd lips, vvithout important ſence,
Shew'n in ſome graue ſucceeding conſequence.
This little Siluane vvith her ſongs and tales,
Gaue ſuch eſtate to feaſts and Nuptials,
That though oft-times ſhe forewent Tragedies,
Yet for her ſtrangeneſſe ſtill ſhe pleaſ'd her eyes,
And for her ſmalneſſe they admir'd her ſo,
They thought her perfect born and could not grow.
All eyes vvere on her; *Hero* did command

An Altar deckt with ſacred ſtate ſhould ſtand
At the Feaſts vpper end, cloſe by the Bride,
On which the pretty Nymph might ſit eſpide.
Then all vvere ſilent, euery one ſo heares,
As all their ſenſes climb'd into their eares;
And firſt this amorous tale that fitted vvell,
Faire *Hero* and the Nuptials ſhe did tell.

The tale of Teras.

Hymen that now is god of Nuptiall rites,
And crowns vvith honour loue and his delites,
Of *Athens* vvas a youth ſo ſweet of face,
That many thought him of the female race,
Such quickning brightneſſe did his cleere eyes dart,
Warme went their beames to his beholders heart.
In ſuch pure leagues his beauties vvere combin'd,
That there your Nuptiall contracts firſt were ſign'd.
For as proportion white and crimſon meet
In beauties mixture, all right cleere and ſweet,
The eye reſponſible, the golden haire,
And none is held without the other, faire;
All ſpring together, all together fade:
Such intermixt affection ſhould inuade
Two perfect Louers, which being yet vnſeene,
Their vertues and their comforts coppied beene,
In beauties concord, ſubiect to the eye,
And that in *Hymen*, pleaſ'd ſo matchleſſely,
That Louers vvere eſteem'd in their full grace:

Like

Like forme and colour mixt in *Hymens* face,
And ſuch ſweet concord was thought worthy then
Of torches, muſicke, feaſts, and greateſt men;
So *Hymen* lookt, that euen the chaſteſt mind,
He mou'd to ioyne in ioyes of ſacred kind,
For onely now his chins firſt down conſorted
His heads rich fleece, in golden curles contorted,
And as he was ſo lou'd, he lou'd ſo too.
So ſhould beſt beauties, bound by Nuptials doo.
Bright *Eucharis*, who was by all men ſaid
The nobleſt, faireſt, and the richeſt Maid
Of all th' *Athenian* damſels, *Hymen* lou'd
With ſuch tranſmiſſion, that his heart remou'd
From his white breſt to hers, but her eſtate
In paſſing his, was ſo interminate
For wealth and honour, that his loue durſt feed
On nought but ſight and hearing, nor could breed
Hope of requitall, the grand prize of loue,
Nor could he heare or ſee, but he muſt proue,
How his rare beauties muſicke would agree
With maids in conſort, therefore robbed he
His chin of thoſe ſame few firſt fruits it bore,
And clad in ſuch attire as Virgins wore;
He kept them company, and might right well,
For he did all but *Eucharis* excell
In all the faire of beauty, yet he wanted
Vertue to make his owne deſires implanted,

In his deare *Eucaris*, for vvomen neuer
Loue beauty in their Sexe, but enuy euer.
His iudgement yet (that durſt not ſuit addreſſe,
Nor paſt due meanes; preſume of due ſucceſſe)
Reaſon gat Fortune in the end to ſpeed
To his beſt preies, but ſtrange it ſeem'd indeed,
That fortune ſhould a chaſte affection bleſſe.
Preferment ſeldome graceth baſhfulneſſe.
Nor grac'd it *Hymen* yet, but many a dart
And many an amorous thought inthral'd his heart,
Ere he obtained her, and he ſicke became,
Forc'd to abſtaine her ſight, and then the flame
Rag'd in her boſome. O what griefe did fill him!
Sight made him ſicke, and want of ſight did kill him.
The Virgins wondred vvhere *Dietia* ſtayd,
For ſo did *Hymen* terme himſelfe a Maid:
At length, with ſickly lookes he greeted them,
'Tis ſtrange to ſee 'gainſt what an extreme ſtreame,
A louer ſtriues, poore *Hymen* lookt ſo ill,
That as in merit he increaſed ſtill,
By ſuffering much, ſo he in grace decreaſt.
Women are moſt wonne, when men merit leaſt:
If merit looke not well, loue bids ſtand by,
Loues ſpeciall leſſon is to pleaſe the eye.
And *Hymen* ſoone recouering all he loſt,
Deceiuing ſtill theſe maids, but himſelfe moſt.
His Loue and he with many Virgin Dames,

Noble

Noble by birth,noble by beauties fiames,
Leauing the towne with ſongs and hallowed lights,
To doe great *Ceres Eleuſina* rites
Of zealous ſacrifice were made a pray
To barbarous Rouers that in ambuſh lay,
And vvith rude hands enforſt their ſhining ſpoile,
Farre from the darkned Citie, tir'd with toyle.
And vvhen the yellow iſſue of the skie
Came trouping forth iealous of cruelty,
To their bright fellowes of this vnder heauen,
Into a double night they ſaw them driuen,
A horrid Caue,the theeues blacke manſion,
Where weary of the iourny they had gone, (gaines,
Their laſt nights watch,and drunke with their ſweet
Dull *Morpheus* entred,laden with ſilken chaines,
Stronger then yron,and bound the ſwelling vaines,
And tired ſenſes of theſe lawleſſe Swaines:
But when the Virgin lights thus dimly burn'd,
O vvhat a hell vvas heauen in? how they mournd
And vvrung their hands,and vvound their gentle
Into the ſhapes of ſorrow? golden ſtormes (formes
Fell from their eyes: as vvhen the ſunne appeares
And yet it raines,ſo ſhew'd their eyes their teares.
And as vvhen Funerall Dames vvatch a dead corſe,
Weeping about it,telling vvith remorſe
What paines he felt,how long in paine he lay,
How little food he ate, vvhat he vvould ſay;

And then mixe mournfull tales of others deaths,
Smoth'ring thẽſelues in clouds of their own breaths:
At length, one cheering other, call for wine,
The golden bowle drinkes teares out of their eyne,
As they drinke wine from it, and round it goes,
Each helping other to relieue their woes:
So caſt theſe Virgins beauties mutuall rayes,
One lights another, face the face diſplayes,
Lips by reflexion kiſt, and hands hands ſhooke,
Euen by the whiteneſſe each of other tooke.
But *Hymen* now vi'd friendly *Morpheus* ayd,
Slue euery thiefe, and reſcu'd euery Maid:
And now did his enamour'd paſſion take
Heart from his hearty deed, whoſe worth did make
His hope of bounteous *Eucharis* more ſtrong,
And now came *Loue* with *Proteus*, vvho had long
Iuggl'd the little god vvith prayers and gifts,
Ran through all ſhapes, and varied all his ſhifts,
To win *Loues* ſtay with him, & make him loue him:
And whẽ he ſaw no ſtrength of ſleight could moue (him,
To make him loue, or ſtay, he nimbly turnd
Into *Loues* ſelfe, he ſo extremely burn'd.
And thus came *Loue* with *Proteus* and his pow'r,
T'encounter *Eucharis*, firſt, like the flowre,
That *Iunoes* milke did ſpring the ſiluer Lilly,
He fell on *Hymens* hand, who ſtraight did ſpy
The bounteous godhead, and with wondrous ioy

Offered

Offered in *Eucharis*. She wondrous coy,
Drew backe her hand, the ſubtle flower did woo it,
And drawing it neere, mixt ſo you could not know it.
As two cleere tapers mixe in one their light,
So did the Lilly and the hand their white,
She view'd it, and her view the forme beſtowes
Amongſt her ſpirits, for as colour flowes
From ſuperficies of each thing we ſee,
Euen ſo with colours formes emitted be,
And vvhere Loues forme is, loue is, loue is forme:
He entred at the eye, his ſacred ſtorme
Roſe from the hand, loues ſweeteſt inſtrument.
It ſtird her bloods ſea ſo, that high it vvent,
And beat in baſhfull waues 'gainſt the vvhite ſhore
Of her diuided cheekes, it rag'd the more,
Becauſe their tide vvent 'gainſt the haughty wind
Of her eſtate and birth, and as we find
In fainting ebs, the flowry Zephire hurles.
The green-hair'd *Helleſpont*, broke in ſiluer curles
'Gainſt *Heroes* towre, but in his blaſts retreat,
The waues obeying him, they after beat,
Leauing the chalky ſhore a great vvay pale,
Then moiſt it freſhly vvith another gale
So ebb'd and flowed in *Eucharis* face,
Coyneſſe and Loue ſtriu'd which had greateſt grace,
Virginitie did fight on Coyneſſe ſide,
Feare of her Parents frownes, and femall pride,

Lothing the lower place more then it loues
The high contents, deſert and vertue moues.
With loue fought *Hymens* beauty and his valure,
Which ſcarce could ſo much valure yet allure
To come to ſtrike, but fameleſſe idle ſtood.
Action is fiery valours ſoueraigne good.
But loue once entred, wiſht no greater ayd,
Then he could find within, thought, thought betraid
The brib'd, but incorrupted garriſon,
Sung *Io Hymen*, there thoſe ſongs begun,
And Loue vvas growne ſo rich with ſuch a gaine,
And vvanton vvith the eaſe of his free raigne,
That he would turne into her roughelt frownes
To turne them out, and thus he *Hymen* crownes
King of his thoughts, mans greateſt Empery:
This vvas his firſt braue ſtep to deity.
Home to the mourning City they repaire,
With newes as wholſome as the morning ayre,
To the ſad Parents of each ſaued Maid,
But *Hymen* and his *Eucharis* had laid
This plot, to make the flame of their delight
Round as the Moone at full, and full as bright.
Becauſe the Parents of chaſte *Eucharis*
Exceeding *Hymens* ſo, might croſſe their bliſſe,
And as the world rewards deſerts, that law
Cannot aſſiſt vvith force, ſo vvhen they ſaw
Their Daughter ſafe, take vantage of their owne,

Praiſe

Praiſe *Hymens* valour much, nothing beſtowne,
Hymen muſt leaue the Virgins in a groue
Farre off from *Athens*, and goe firſt to proue
If to reſtore them all vvith fame and life,
He ſhould enioy his deareſt as his wife.
This told to all the maids, the moſt agree,
The riper ſort knowing what 'tis to bee
The firſt mouth of a newes ſo farre deriu'd,
And that to heare and beare newes braue folk liu'd,
As being a carriage ſpeciall hard to beare
Occurrents, theſe occurrents being ſo deare;
They did with grace proteſt, they were content
T'accoſt their friends with all their complement
For *Hymens* good, but to incurre their harme,
There he muſt pardon them. This wit went warme,
To *Adoleshes* braine, a Nymph borne hie,
Made all of voice and fire, that vpwards flie,
Her heart and all her forces neither traine,
Climb'd to her tongue, and thither fell her braine,
Since it could goe no higher, and it muſt goe,
All powers ſhe had, euen her tongue did ſo,
In ſpirit and quickneſſe ſhe much ioy did take,
And lou'd her tongue, onely for quickneſſe ſake,
And ſhe would haſte and tell. The reſt all ſtay,
Hymen goes on, the Nymph another way:
And vvhat became of her Ile tell at laſt,
Yet take her viſage now, moiſt lipt, long fac'd,

Thin like an yron wedge, ſo ſharpe and tart,
As 'twere of purpoſe made to cleaue Loues heart.
Well were this louely beauty rid of her,
And *Hymen* did at *Athens* now prefer
His welcome ſuit, which he vvith ioy aſpir'd,
A hundred princely youths with him retir'd
To fetch the Nymphs, Chariots and muſicke went;
And home they came, heauen with applauſes rent.
The Nuptials ſtraight proceed, whiles all the towne,
Freſh in their ioyes might doe them moſt renowne.
Firſt gold-lockt *Hymen* did to Church repaire,
Like a quicke offering burnd in flames of haire;
And after with a Virgin firmament,
The godhead-prouing Bride, attended vvent
Before them, ſhe lookt in her command,
As if forme-giuing *Cyprias* ſiluer hand
Grip'd all their beauties, and cruſht out one flame:
She bluſht to ſee how beauty ouercame
The thoughts of all men. Next before her vvent
Fiue louely children, deckt with ornament
Of her ſweet colours, bearing Torches by,
For light was held a happy augury
Of generation, vvhoſe efficient right,
Is nothing elſe but to produce to light.
The od diſparent number, they did chuſe
To ſhew the vnion married loues ſhould vſe,
Since in two equall parts it will not ſeuer,

But

But the midſt holds one to reioyne it euer,
As common to both parts: men therefore deeme,
That equall number gods do not eſteeme,
Being authors of ſweet peace and vnity,
But pleaſing to th' infernall Empery;
Vnder whoſe enſignes Wars and diſcords fight,
Since an euen number you may diſ-vnite
In two parts equall, nought in middle left,
To re-vnite each part from other reft:
And fiue they hold in moſt eſpeciall price,
Since 'tis the firſt odde number that doth riſe
From the two formoſt numbers vnity
That od and euen are, which are two and three,
For one no number is, but thence doth flow
The powerfull race of number. Next did goe
A noble Matron, that did ſpinning beare
A Huſwiues rocke and ſpindle, and did weare
A Weathers skin, vvith all the ſnowy fleece;
To intimate, that euen the daintieſt peece,
And nobleſt borne dame ſhould induſtrious be.
That which does good, diſgraceth no degree.
And now to *Iunos* temple they are come,
Where her graue Prieſt ſtood in the mariage roome:
On his right hand did hang a skarlet vaile,
And from his ſhoulders to the ground did traile
On either ſide, ribands of white and blue,
With the red vaile he hid the baſhfull hue

Of the chaſte Bride, to ſhew the modeſt ſhame,
In coupling with a man ſhould grace a Dame.
Then tooke he the diſparent ſilkes, and tide
The louers by the waſts, and ſide to ſide,
In token that thereafter they muſt binde
In one ſelfe ſacred knot each others minde;
Before them on an Altar he preſented
Both fire and water, which was firſt inuented,
Since to ingenerate euery humane creature,
And euery other birth produc't by nature,
Moiſture and heat muſt mix, ſo Man and Wife
For humane race muſt ioyne in nuptiall life.
The one of *Iunoes* birds, the painted Iay
He ſacrific'd, and tooke the gall away.
All which he did behinde the altar throw,
In ſigne no hate of bitterneſſe ſhould grow
'Twixt married loues, nor any leaſt diſdaine.
Nothing they ſpake, for 'twas eſteem'd too plaine
For the moſt ſilken mildneſſe of a Maid,
To let a publike audience heare it ſaid,
She boldy tooke the man: and ſo reſpected
Was baſhfulneſſe in *Athens*, it erected
To chaſte *Agneia*, which is ſhamefaſtneſſe,
A ſacred Temple, holding her a goddeſſe.
And now to Feaſts, Masks, and triumphant ſhowes,
The ſhining troupes returnd, euen till earth throwes
Brought forth with ioy the thickeſt part of night,

When

When the ſweet Nuptiall ſong that vſ'd to cite
All to their reſt, was by *Phemonor* ſung,
Firſt *Delphean* Propheteſſe, whoſe graces ſprung
Out of the *Muſes*, well ſhe ſung before
The Bride into her Chamber, at which dore,
A Matron and a Torch-bearer did ſtand,
A painted box of Confits in her hand,
The Matron held, and ſo did otherſome
That compaſt round the honoured Nuptiall roome.
The cuſtome was, that euery Maid did weare,
During her maiden-head, a ſilken ſphere,
About her waſte, about her inmoſt weed,
Knit with *Mineruas* knot, and that was freed
By the faire Bridegroome on the marriage night,
With many Ceremonies of delight,
And yet eterniz'd *Hymens* tender Bride,
To ſuffer it diſſolu'd ſo ſweetly cride.
The Maids that heard, ſo lou'd, and did adore her,
They wiſht with all their hearts, to ſuffer for her,
So had the Matrons that with Confits ſtood
About the chamber, ſuch affectionate blood,
And ſo true feeling of her harmeleſſe paines;
That euery one a ſhowre of Confits raines.
For which the Bride youths ſcrãbling on the ground,
In noiſe of that ſweet haile their cries were drownd.
And thus bleſt *Hymen* ioyd his gracious Bride,
And for his ioy was after deifide.

The Saffron mirror by which *Phœbus* loue,
Greene *Tellus* decks her, now he held aboue
The cloudy Mountaines, and the noble Mayd,
Sharpe viſag'd *Adoleſche*, that was ſtrayd
Out of her way in haſting with her newes,
Not till his houre th' *Athenian* terrets viewes ;
And now brought home by guides, ſhe heard by all,
That her long kept occurrents would be ſtale,
And how faire *Hymens* honours did excell
For thoſe rare newes, which ſhe came ſhort to tell,
To heare her deare tongue rob'd of ſuch a ioy,
Made the well-ſpoken Nymph take ſuch a toy,
That downe ſhe ſunke, when lightning from aboue,
Shrunke her leane body, and for meere free loue,
Turn'd her into the pyed-plum'd *Pſittacus*,
That now the Parrat is ſurnam'd by vs ;
Who ſtill with counterfait confuſion prates,
Nought but newes cõmon to the common'ſt mates.
This told, ſtrange *Teras* toucht her Lute and ſung
This ditty, that the torchy euening ſprung.

Epithalmion Teratos.

COme, come deare night, loues Mart of kiſſes,
Sweet cloſe of his ambitious line,
The fruitfull ſummer of his bliſſes
Loues glory doth in darkneſſe ſhine,
O come ſoft reſt of Cares, come night,

Come

Come naked vertues onely tire,
That reapeſt haruеſt of the light,
Bound vp in ſheaues of ſacred fire.
Loue cals to warre,
Sighs his alarmes,
Lips his ſwords are,
The field his armes.
Come night and lay thy veluet hand
On glorious dayes outfacing face,
And all thy crowned flames command,
For torches to our Nuptiall grace.
Loue cals to warre,
Sighs his alarmes,
Lips his ſwords are,
The field his armes.
No need haue we of factious Day,
To caſt in enuy of thy peace,
Her bals of Diſcord in thy vvay,
Her beauties day doth neuer ceaſe;
Day is abſtracted here,
And varied in a triple ſphere.
Hero, *Almaine*, *Mya*, ſo outſhine thee,
Ere thou come here, let *Thetis* thrice refine thee.
Loue cals to warre,
Sighs his alarmes,
Lips his ſwords are,
The field his armes.

The euening ſtarre I ſee,
Riſe, youths, the euening ſtarre
Helpes loue to ſummon warre,
Both now imbracing be. (riſe,
Riſe, youths, loues right claimes more then bankets,
Now the bright Marigolds that decke the skies,
Phœbus celeſtiall flowers, that (contrary
To his flowers here) ope when he ſhuts his eye,
And ſhuts when he doth open, crowne your ſports,
Now loue in night, and night in loue exhorts
Courtſhip and Dances: all your parts employ,
And ſute nights rich expanſure with your ioy,
Loue paints his longings in ſweet Virgins eyes, (riſe,
Riſe, youths, loues right claimes more then bankets,
Riſe Virgins, let faire Nuptiall loues infold
Your fruitleſſe breſts, the maiden-heads ye hold
Are not your owne alone, but parted are,
Part in diſpoſing them your Parents ſhare,
And that a third part is, ſo muſt ye ſaue;
Your loues a third, and you your thirds muſt haue.
Loue paints his longings in ſweet Virgins eyes, (riſe.
Riſe, youths, loues right claimes more then bankets,
Herewith the amorous ſpirit that was ſo kind
To *Teras* haire, and comb'd it downe with wind,
Still as it Comet-like brake from her braine,
Would needs haue *Teras* gone, and did refraine
To blow it downe, which ſtaring vp diſmaid

The

The timorous feaſt, and ſhe no longer ſtayd,
But bowing to the Bridegroome and the Bride,
Did like a ſhooting exhalation glide
Out of their ſights, the turning of her backe
Made them all ſhrieke, it lookt ſo gaſtly blacke.
O hapleſſe *Hero*, that moſt hapleſſe cloud,
Thy ſoone ſucceeding Tragedy foreſhew'd:
Thus all the Nuptiall crue to ioyes depart,
But much-wrong'd *Hero* ſtood hels blackeſt dart,
Whoſe wound becauſe I grieue ſo to diſplay,
I vſe digreſsions thus t'increaſe the day.

The end of the fifth Seſtyad.

The Argument of the ſixth SESTYAD.

Leucote *flies to all the windes,*
And from the fates their outrage blinds,
That Hero *and her loue may meet,*
Leander (*with* Loues *compleat fleet*
Mand in himſelfe) *puts forth to Seas,*
When ſtraight the ruthleſſe Deſtinies,
With Art doe ſtir the winds to warre
Vpon the Helleſpont: *their iarres*
Drowne poore Leander. Heroes *eyes*
wet witneſſes of his ſurpriſe,
Her Torch blowne out: Griefe caſts her downe
Vpon her Loue, and both doth drowne,

Hero and *Leander.*

In whoſe iuſt ruth the god of Seas
Transformes them to th' Acantides.

NO longer could the day nor Deſtinies
Delay the night, who now did frowning riſe
Into her Throne, and at her humorous breſts,
Viſions and dreames lay ſucking, all mens reſts
Fell like the miſts of death vpon their eyes,
Dayes too long darts ſo kild their faculties.
The winds yet, like the flowres, to ceaſe began,
For bright *Leucote*, *Venus* vvhiteſt Swan,
That held ſweet *Hero* deare, ſpred her faire vvings,
Like to a field of ſnow, and meſſage brings
From *Venus* to the fates, t' intreat them lay
Their charge vpon the vvinds, their rage to ſtay,
That the ſterne battell of the Seas might ceaſe,
And guard *Leander* to his loue in peace.
The Fates conſent (aye me diſſembling Fates!)
They ſhewd their fauours to conceale their hates,
And draw *Leander* on, leſt Seas too hie
Should ſtay his too obſequious Deſtiny,
Who like a fleeting flauiſh Paraſite,
In warping profit or a trayterous ſleight,
Hoopes round his rotten body vvith deuotes,
And pricks his deſcant face full of falſe notes,
Praiſing with open throat (and oathes as fowle
As his falſe heart) the beauty of an Owle,
Kiſſing his skipping hand with charmed skips,

That

That cannot leaue, but leapes vpon his lips
Like a Cocke-ſparrow,or a ſhameleſſe queane,
Sharpe at a red-lipt youth,and nought doth meane
Of all his anticke ſhewes, but doth repaire
More tender ſawnes, and takes a ſcattered haire
From his tame ſubiects ſhoulder, whips and cals
For euery thing he lackes ; creepes againſt the wals
With backward humbleneſſe,to giue needleſſe way:
Thus his falſe fate did with *Leander* play.
  Firſt to blacke *Eurus* flyes the white *Leucote*,
Borne 'mongſt the Negros in the Leuant ſea,
On whoſe curl'd head the glowing Sun doth riſe,
And ſhewes the ſoueraigne will of Deſtinies,
To haue him ceaſe his blaſts,and downe he lyes.
Next to the fenny *Notus*, courſe ſhe holds,
And found him leaning vvith his armes in folds
Vpon a Rocke, his white haire full of ſhowres,
And him ſhe chargeth by the fatall powres,
To hold in his wet cheeks his cloudy voice,
To *Zephire* then that doth in flowres reioyce,
To ſnake-foot *Boreas* next ſhe did remoue,
And found him toſſing of his rauiſht loue,
To heate his froſty boſome hid in ſnow,
Who with *Leucotes* ſight did ceaſe to blow.
Thus all were ſtill to *Heroes* hearts deſire,
Who vvith all ſpeed did conſecrate a fire
Of flaming gummes, and comfortable ſpice,

To light her torch, which in ſuch curious price
She held, being obiect to *Leanders* ſight,
That nought but fires perfum'd muſt giue it light.
She lou'd it ſo, ſhe grieu'd to ſee it burne,
Since it would waſte, and ſoone to aſhes turne,
Yet if it burn'd not, 'twere not worth her eyes,
What made it nothing, gaue it all the prize.
Sweet torch, true glaſſe of our ſocietie;
What man does good, but he conſumes thereby?
But thou wert lou'd for good, held high, giuen ſhow,
Poore vertue loth'd for good, obſcur'd, held low.
Doe good, be pin'd, be deedleſſe good diſgraſt,
Vnleſſe we feed on men, we let them faſt.
Yet *Hero* with theſe thoughts her torch did ſpend;
When Bees make waxe, Nature doth not intend
It ſhould be made a torch, but we that know
The proper vertue of it, make it ſo,
And when 'tis made, we light it: nor did nature
Propoſe one life to Maids, but each ſuch creature
Makes by her ſoule the beſt of her true ſtate.
Which without loue is rude, diſconſolate,
And wants loues fire to make it milde and bright,
Till when, maids are but torches vvanting light.
Thus 'gainſt our griefe, not cauſe of griefe wee fight,
The right of nought is gleand, but the delight.
Vp went ſhe, but to tell how ſhe deſcended,
Would God ſhe were not dead, or my verſe ended.

She was the rule of wiſhes, ſumme and end,
For all the parts that did on loue depend,
Yet caſt the torch his brightneſſe further forth,
But what ſhines neereſt beſt, holds trueſt worth.
Leander did not through ſuch tempeſts ſwim
To kiſſe the Torch, although it lighted him:
But all his powers in her deſires awaked,
Her loue and vertues cloth'd him richly naked.
Men kiſſe but fire that onely ſhewes purſue,
Her torch and *Hero*, figure, ſhew and vertue.
Now at oppoſ'd *Abydus* nought was heard,
But bleating flockes, and many a bellowing herd,
Slaine for the Nuptials, crackes of falling woods,
Blowes of broad axes, powrings out of floods.
The guilty *Helleſpont* was mixt and ſtain'd
With bloudy torrent, that the ſhambles rain'd,
Not arguments of feaſt, but ſhewes that bled,
Foretelling that red night that followed.
More bloud was ſpilt, more honors were addreſt,
Then could haue graced any happy feaſt.
Rich banquets, triumphs, euery pompe imployes
His ſumptuous hand, no Miſers Nuptiall ioyes.
Aire felt continuall thunder with the noiſe,
Made in the generall marriage violence,
And no man knew the cauſe of this expence,
But the two hapleſſe Lords, *Leanders* Sire,
And poore *Leander*, pooreſt where the fire

Of credulous loue made him moſt rich ſurmiſ'd,
As ſhort vvas he of that himſelfe ſurpriſ'd:
As in an empty Gallant full of forme,
That thinks each looke an act, each drop a ſtorme,
That fals frō his braue breathings, moſt brought vp
In our *Metropolis*, and hath his cup
Brought after him to feaſts, and much Palme beares,
For his rare iudgement in th' attire he vveares,
Hath ſeene the hot Low-Countries, not their heat,
Obſerues their rampires and their buildings yet,
And for your ſweet diſcourſe with mouthes is
Giuing inſtructions with his very beard, (heard,
Hath gone with an Ambaſſador, and been
A great mans mate, in trauelling, euen to *Rhene*
And then puts all his worth in ſuch a face,
As he ſaw braue men make, and ſtriues for grace
To get his newes forth, as vvhen you deſcry
A Ship with all her ſayle contends to fly
Out of the narrow Thames with winds vnapt,
Now croſſeth here, then there, then this way rapt,
And then hath one point reacht, then alters all,
And to another crooked reach doth fall,
Of halfe a Burd-bolts ſhoote, keeping more coile,
Then if ſhe danc't vpon the Oceans toyle:
So ſerious is his trifling company,
In all his ſwelling Ship of vacantry.
And ſo ſhort of himſelfe in his high thought,

Was

Was our *Leander* in his fortunes brought,
And in his fort of loue that he thought won,
But otherwiſe he ſcornes compariſon.
O ſweet *Leander*, thy large worth I hide
In a ſhort graue, ill-fauor'd ſtormes muſt chide
Thy ſacred fauour: I, in flouds of inke,
Muſt drowne thy graces which white papers drinke;
Euen as thy beauties did the foule blacke ſeas,
I muſt deſcribe the hell of thy diſeaſe,
That heauen did merit, yet I needs muſt ſee
Our painted fooles and cockehorſe peſſantry,
Still ſtill vſurpe, with long liues, loues and luſt,
The ſeats of vertue, cutting ſhort as duſt
Her deare brought iſſue, ill to worſe conuerts,
And tramples in the bloud of all deſerts.
Night cloſe and ſilent now goes faſt before
The Captaines and the Souldiers to the ſhore,
On whom attended the appointed fleet
At *Seſtus* bay, that ſhould *Leander* meet,
Who fain'd he in another Ship would paſſe,
Which muſt not be, for no one meane there was
To get his loue home but the courſe he tooke.
Forth did his beauty for his beauty looke,
And ſaw her through her torch, as you behold
Sometimes within the Sunne a face of gold,
Form'd in ſtrong thoughts, by that traditions force,
That ſayes a god ſits there, and guides his courſe.

His ſiſter was vvith him, to whom he ſhewed
His guide by Sea, and ſaid; Oft haue you viewed
In one heauen many ſtarres, but neuer yet
In one ſtarre many heauens till now were met.
See louely ſiſter, ſee, now *Hero* ſhines,
No heauen but hers appeares, each ſtar repines,
And all are clad in clouds, as if they mourn'd
To be by influence of earth out-burn'd.
Yet doth ſhe ſhine, and teacheth vertues traine,
Still to be conſtant in hels blackeſt raigne, (them,
Though euen the gods themſelues doe ſo intreat
As they did hate, and earth as ſhe would eate them.
Off went his ſilke robe, and in he leapt,
Whom the kind waues ſo licorouſly cleapt,
Thickning for haſte one in another ſo,
To kiſſe his skin, that he might almoſt goe
To *Heroes* tower, had that kinde minute laſted,
But now the cruell fates with *Ate* haſted
To all the windes, and made them battell fight
Vpon the *Helleſpont*, for eithers right,
Pretended to the windy Monarchy,
And forth they brake, the Seas mixt with the skie
And toſt diſtreſt *Leander*, being in hell,
As high as heauen: Bliſſe not in height doth dwell,
The Deſtinies ſate dancing on the waues,
To ſee the glorious winds vvith mutuall braues
Conſume each other. O true glaſſe to ſee,

How

How ruinous ambitious Statiſts be
To their owne glories: poore *Leander* cryed
For helpe to ſea-borne *Venus*, ſhe denied
To *Boreas*, that for his *Attheas* ſake,
He would ſome pitie on his *Hero* take;
And for his owne loues ſake on his deſires:
But glory neuer blowes cold pitties fires.
Then call'd he *Neptune*, who through all the noyſe
Knew vvith affright his wrackt *Leanders* voice,
And vp he roſe, for haſte his forehead hit (ſmit
'Gainſt heauens hard Cryſtall, his proud vvaues hee
With his forkt ſcepter, that could not obey,
Much greater powers thē *Neptunes* gaue them ſway,
They lou'd *Leander* ſo, in grones they brake
When they came neere him, and ſuch ſpace did take
'Twixt one another, loth to iſſue on,
That in their ſhallow furrowes earth vvas ſhewne,
And the poore Louer tooke a little breath,
But the curſt fates ſate ſpinning of his death
On euery waue, and with the ſeruile winds
Tumbled them on him. And now *Hero* findes
By that ſhe felt her deare *Leanders* ſtate;
She vvept, and prayed for him to euery fate,
And euery vvind that whipt her with her haire
About the face, ſhe kiſt, and ſpake it faire,
Kneeld to it, gaue it drinke out of her eyes
To quench his thirſt, but ſtill their cruelties

Euen her poore Torch enuied,and rudely beate
The bating flame from that deare food it eate,
Deare, for it nourisht her *Leanders* life,
Which with her robe she rescu'd from their strife,
But silke too soft was,such hard hearts to breake,
And she,deare soule,euen as her silke, faint weake,
Could not preserue it out: O out it went.
Leander still call'd *Neptune*, that now rent
His brakish curles,and tore his wrinkled face,
Where teares in billowes did each other chase,
And (burst with ruth)hee hurld his marble mace,
At the sterne Fates,it wounded *Lachesis*,
That drew *Leanders* thread, and could not misse
The thread it selfe, as it her hand did hit,
But smote it full, and quite did sunder it.
The more kind *Neptune* rag'd, the more he rac'd
His loues liues fort,and kil'd as he embrac'd;
Anger doth still his owne mis-hap encrease:
If any comfort liue, it is in peace.
O theeuish Fates,to let Bloud, Flesh and Sence,
Build two faire Temples for their excellence,
To rob it with a poisoned influence.
Though soules gifts sterue, the bodies are held deare
In vglyest things,Sense-sport preserues a Beare.
But here nought serues our turnes:O heauen & earth
How most most wretched is our humane birth?
And now did all the tyrannous crue depart,

Know-

Knowing there was a ſtorme in *Heroes* heart,
Greater then they could make, & skorn'd their ſmart.
She bowed her ſelfe ſo low out of her towre,
That wonder 'twas ſhe fell not ere her houre,
With ſearching the lamenting waues for him,
Like a poore Snaile, her gentle ſupple lim
Hung on her turrets top ſo moſt downe right,
As ſhe would diue beneath the darkneſſe quite,
To finde her Iewell, Iewell, her *Leander*,
A name of all earths iewels pleaſ'd not her
Like his deare name, *Leander* ſtill my choiſe:
Come nought but my *Leander*: O my voice
Turne to *Leander*, henceforth be all ſounds
Accents and phraſes, that ſhew all griefes wounds,
Analyſ'd in *Leander*. O blacke change:
Trumpets, do you with thunder of your clange,
Driue out this changes horror, my voice faints,
Where all ioy was, now ſhrieke out all complaints.
Thus cryed ſhe, for her mixt ſoule could tell
Her loue was dead: And when the morning fell,
Proſtrate vpon the weeping earth for woe,
Bluſhes that bled out of her cheekes did ſhow,
Leander brought by *Neptune* bruſ'd and torne
With Cities ruines, he to rocks had worne,
To filthy vſuring rocks that would haue blood,
Though they could get of him no other good.
She ſaw him, and the ſight was much much more,

Then

Then might haue ſerua'd to kill her, ſhould her ſtore
Of gyant ſorrowes ſpeake? burſt, dye, bleed,
And leaue poore plants to vs that ſhall ſucceed:
She fell on her loues boſome, hugg'd it faſt.
And with *Leanders* name ſhe breath'd her laſt.
Neptune for pitty in his armes did take them,
Flung them in the ayre and did awake them.
Like two ſweet birds, ſurnam'd th' *Acanthides*,
Which we call Thiſtle-warps, that neere no ſeas
Dare euer come, but ſtill in couples flie,
And feed on thiſtle tops, to teſtifie
The hardnes of their firſt life in their laſt:
The firſt in thornes of loue that ſorrowes paſt,
And ſo moſt beautifull their colours ſhow,
As none (ſo little) like them, her ſad brow
A ſable veluet feather couers quite:
Euen like the forehead cloth that in the night,
Or when they ſorrow, Ladies vſ'd to weare
Their wings blue, red and yellow mixt appeare,
Colours that as we conſtrue colours paint
Their ſtates to life, the yellow ſhewes their faint,
The dainty *Venus* left them blue, their truth,
Their red and blacke enſignes of death and ruth.
And thus true honour from their loue-death ſprung.
They were the firſt that euer Poet ſung.

FINIS.

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